

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

MAY 14, 1965

THE COMMUNICATIONS EXPLOSION  
Early Bird—And After



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**Happy birthday to you.  
Happy birthday to you.  
Happy birthday, dear Jackie-e-e-e.  
Hap-py birth-day...to...you-u-u-u.  
(It's your turn to bowl, Scotty.)**

Jackie's 9th birthday was different.

It took place at a bowling center. Jackie and 8 of his closest friends bowled, cheered, giggled, ate cake and ice cream, laughed, screeched and even sang (see above).

The proprietor of the bowling center arranged everything from the birthday cake to party hats and soft drinks.

The thing Jackie's mother enjoyed the most was that the party didn't take place at home (and she's an avid bowler herself).

Perhaps your youngster would appreciate a bowling birthday party. It's easy to arrange. And the weather can't affect it.

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


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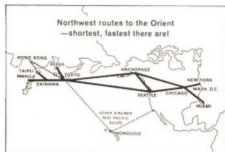
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# Should you visit Alaska before or after your trip to Europe?



**Live It Up At the Dalton Trail Bar.** Or wash down history with a shot of Red-Eye (or Cnla) in the Old Malamute Saloon where Dangerous Dan got his come-uppance. Toast Robert Service in the Pack Train Inn where he stomped. Every Alaska town has a bar with a past. Nice way to soak up history. Not as crowded as Pompeii either.



**Mt. McKinley National Park.** Switzerland has its mountains and lakes. And they're lovely. But Alaska's mountains are higher, wilder. And Alaska's lakes teem with fish. Besides, a moose at sunrise in Wonder Lake with Mt. McKinley soaring in the background is a sight the Swiss must come to Alaska to see. Actually, the Park isn't nearly as big as Switzerland. In fact, it's only one-third larger than Luxembourg. But Luxembourg doesn't have caribou, mountain sheep and mackinaw trout next to its campgrounds. Doesn't have fjords with 11,000 islands either. You can see them in the Inside Passage enroute to the mountain if you take the right route. Ask your travel agent.



**Sourdough and Food Cache Inside Arctic Circle.** Doesn't look much like the Frozen North, does it? Matter of fact, summertime inside the Circle is warm and sunny. You can ride in a walrus skin boat, pan gold, pick wild flowers, or get a tan. But, come winter, this is a land of minus temperatures, Northern Lights, dog sledding, and bear hunting. So, if you come winter, bring your skis or a rifle. Come summer, bring your sun oil.



**St. Michael's Church** — Czars called it Fort Archangel Gabriel when they founded the rich Russian American fur trading port in 1799. Near there they raised an onion-domed church and to it shipped rare ikons, carvings and tapestries. You can still find the church, ikons and all, not far from your ship's dock at Sitka, another charming reason for an Alaska vacation.



**Dinner For Two in Anchorage.** You won't find much in the end and pasta line in Alaska, but you can dine on sourdough hotcakes, reindeer and moose-burgers. Most Alaskans, however, recommend you do like they do on their right out — order the steak (or Alaska seafood) and tossed salad. For a view, you have a choice of fishing boats in the Harbor, sunsets over the mountains or city lights from a rooftop hotel. Sorry, no strolling violinists.



**Roadside Trout Fishing.** You just can't compare fishing in Alaska with fishing anywhere in Europe. It wouldn't be far. In Alaska you can catch trout, char, grayling, and salmon only yards from many a major highway. And if you go to the back country...well, it has to be fished to be believed.

Next Question.

**USA** For information on Alaska—where to go, what to do, write Alaska Department of Tourism, Box T-1, Juneau, Alaska, or see your travel agent



## Excitement for charter: join the happy crew in Bermuda!

Perhaps you cannot *buy* happiness. But here in British Bermuda you can *rent* it...by the hour, day, or week. There is absolutely nothing like sailing under azure skies with friends, for sweeping away those home-grown cares.

Sailing has always been a part of Bermuda's heritage, and you'll know why the very first time you take to our sparkling waters: reef-guarded, breeze-blessed, deep blue, and unbelievably clear!

You can cruise these lovely waters for less than \$20 a day in a Firefly, Snipe, or O'Day Sailer. A yacht like the one above, complete with skipper, is more. A Sunfish or a Corvette less. You might even see a race of the unique Bermuda Fitted Dinghy, one of the trickiest rigs ever perpetrated.



Bermuda's Gulf Stream setting brings other joys. Like "coves for two" with the pinkest sea-sifted sands you ever basked on. You can slip beneath the waves and meet the im-

probable life of the coral reef: sea fans, anemones, and a half a hundred exotic fish. Or skim the surface on water skis, in hired motor boats, or aboard a sight-seeing cruiser.

If you're a golfer—our seven spectacular links await you. Bring the tennis racquets, too. Or your fishing gear (or rent it here.) Heard about our world-record wahoo and our educated bonefish? Deep-sea fishing is far less expensive in Bermuda than at home.

Idea—why not bring the family? You'll enjoy exploring British Bermuda, from ancient Fort St. Catherine with its Crown Jewels in replica, to Gibb's Hill Lighthouse, from the 17th century alleys of St. George to shimmering crystalline caves. Evenings, you can leave your children with a trustworthy Bermuda nanny and dance 'til the wee hours. Or walk the pearly strand by moonlight. Next morning, brunch late on the terrace before you join the young ones at the pool.

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seems so far away. Ninety minutes flying time from East Coast cities—an hour longer from the Midwest and Canada. Or a lovely, lazy weekend by cruise ship.

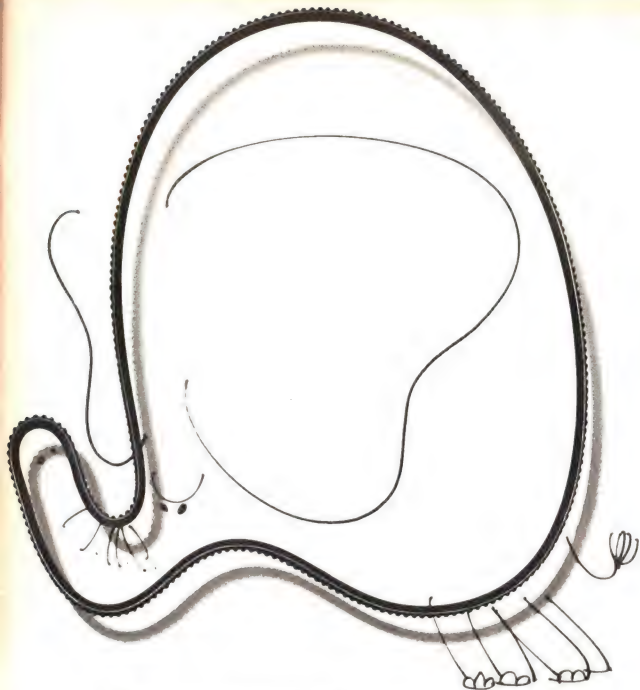
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Of course, if you need the exercise (and enjoy) washing four surfaces of glass per window instead of two, you can buy storm sash instead of telling your builder you want *Thermopane*. Like we said, it's optional.



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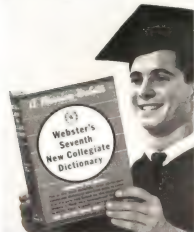


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## TIME LISTINGS

### TELEVISION

Rerun season, a bane to the regular viewer but a boon to the occasional one, is in full flower on the networks. Most of the weekly series now contract for only 26 new episodes a year, which leaves the other six months to be filled with repeats of segments shown earlier in the season or from years past. It's a happy time for those who love *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* and baseball with equal fervor, less so for those who suspect that the episode they missed last fall wasn't worth watching in the first place. The best of this week's first-run shows and one worthy rerun:

Wednesday, May 12

**ABC SCOPE** (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.)\* A profile of Ku Klux Klan Imperial Wizard Robert M. Shelton, presiding over two Klan rallies and discussing the history and objectives of the Klan.

Friday, May 14

**THE MAN WHO WALKED IN SPACE** (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.) NBC Moscow Correspondent Frank Bourgholtzer interviews Soviet Cosmonauts Leonov and Belyayev in a special that includes color film of Leonov floating in space.

**FDR** (ABC, 9:30-10 p.m.) "The Road to Rome" during the crucial year 1942, from the Casablanca Conference to the invasions of Sicily and Italy and the fall of Mussolini.

**THE JACK PAAR SHOW** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.) Paar's guest list melds a rare and winsome threesome: Senator Everett M. Dirksen, Librarian and Bob Newhart.

Sunday, May 16

**NBC CHILDREN'S THEATER** (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.) Ed Begley narrates "Kristie," the story of two children and their love for a stubborn horse. Color.

**THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW** (CBS, 8-9 p.m.) An unlikely blend of cult and culture features Rock 'n' Rollers Petula Clark and The Beach Boys, plus Ballet Stars Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev.

Monday, May 17

**CBS REPORTS** (CBS, 10-11 p.m.) A repeat of the April 5 documentary "Abortion and the Law," which drew critical acclaim but was largely missed by viewers who watched the Academy Award presentations that night.

Tuesday, May 18

**THE BEST ON RECORD** (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.) A special program featuring some of the winners of the 1965 Grammy Awards: The Beatles, Louis Armstrong, Henry Mancini, Petula Clark and others.

**THE MIDDLE AGES** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.) A News Special (so-called) on the thousand years between the fall of the Roman Empire and the discovery of America. Color.

### THEATER

#### On Broadway

**HALF A SIXPENCE** is a kind of cut-rate cockney *Hello, Dolly!* Tommy Steele is an infrequently beamish entertainer. Onna White's dances burst forth like spring blossoms.

\* All times E.D.T.

soms, and their style is to woo rather than wow.

**THE ODD COUPLE.** Art Carney and Walter Matthau are wonderfully droll as two recently dewitched men. Neil Simon's lines and Mike Nichols' direction keep the play on the brink of gleeful absurdity.

**LUV.** Murray Schisgal takes three fashionably denuded psyches liberally sprinkled with self-indulgence and garnished with pseudo-Freudian jargon, then roasts them hilariously in a hot oven of satire.

**THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT.** Flesh is flesh and spirit is spirit, and rarely the twain do meet. A nonintellectual prostitute (Diana Sands) and a musty book clerk (Alan Alda) make the attempt seem screamingly funny. She tries to improve her mind; he loses his.

**TINY ALICE.** The philosophical depths have left Edward Albee befuddled, but his gift for generating theatrical excitement makes this metaphysical mystery play provocative entertainment.

#### Off Broadway

**THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER REVISITED.** The sly humors of a talented cast delightfully enhance the sophisticated wit and verve of lesser-known Porter tunes.

**JUDITH.** Rosemary Harris is superb as the beautiful Jewess who saved her people by killing an Assyrian conqueror. Jean Giraudoux's skeptical version of the apocryphal story reveals a Judith more womanly than saintly, driven not so much by piety as by a desire for personal glory.

**A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE.** This early Arthur Miller play about the family of a Brooklyn longshoreman is informed with elements of Greek tragedy, and a splendid cast gives a moving performance.

#### Theater Recordings

**HENRY IV, PART I & HENRY IV, PART II** (Caedmon). There are those who believe that Falstaff is the greatest comic character in English literature, and these recordings will not disappoint them. Anthony Quayle's voice combines the tavern-soaked grossness of "fat Jack" with the agile wit and arrogant flair of Sir John. Michael Redgrave, as Hotspur seems at times to get only false teeth into the part.

**CAESAR & CLEOPATRA** (Caedmon) is more than a little like Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion*. For the tyrannical pedant of phonetics, Henry Higgins, Shaw substitutes the philosopher-king of Rome. In place of the forlorn flower girl who must be passed off as a lady, the play offers an adolescent Egyptian minx who must be tutored in regality. The playwright's purposes are somewhat thwarted by this recording. Max Adrian is little better than a fashionably tailored verbal dandy, and an overgratified Claire Bloom is more often short of breath than breathless.

**KING LEAR** (Caedmon) is a regal fool who topples into the abyss of unreason to discover the naked truth of the human condition. Paul Scofield is a cool, knowledgeable, self-contained actor who would not dream of venturing past the proseni-arch. In consequence, the recording neither sears nor soars; it might be a useful high school text.

**HUGHIE** (Columbia). "In a really dark night of the soul, it is always three o'clock



LEFT TO RIGHT: TALL, SMALL, ERGONOMIC, EACH \$25. SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE. © 1991 RONSON CORP., WOODBRIDGE, N. J.

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in the morning," wrote F. Scott Fitzgerald. Eugene O'Neill unfolded one of those nocturnal dialogues, ostensibly between a small-time gambler and a hotel night clerk, but actually between a man and his shattered-mirror images of himself. Javon Rhoads lays his life on each jagged line.

**OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR** (London). Into the quicksands of death march the mind-forsaken legions of Joan Littlewood's bitter, brittle, bizarre, tragicomic descent on the usininity and hapless gallantry of World War I. The show's sentimental ballads and parade-ground tempos are coated with steely irony; the weapons are not Krupp's but Brecht's.

**LUV** (Columbia). Even minus the diversionary bounce of Mike Nichols' sight gags, Murray Schisgal's comedy packs a satirically impressive bite.

**THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES** (Columbia). Winner of this year's New York Drama Critics Circle Award, the sleeper hit by New Playwright Frank D. Gilroy is written with precision, warmth, acute observation and unfailing honesty. The superb ensemble playing of Jack Albertson as the father, Irene Dailey as the mother, and Martin Sheen as their son is admirably recaptured in this album.

## CINEMA

**NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE.** With improvised action and dialogue. Writer-Director Don Owen, a gifted young Canadian, mounts a spontaneous, surprisingly poetic essay about two affluent delinquents (Peter Kastner and Julie Biggs) swimming against the stream of life in suburban Toronto.

**THE ROUNDERS.** This amiable western spoof is enlivened by Henry Fonda and Glenn Ford as a team of shiftless bronco-busters trapped in a love-hate relationship with an obstreperous horse.

**THE PAWNBROKER.** Recalling the terrors of the Nazi death camps amid the squalor of Spanish Harlem, Rod Steiger, in the title role, makes one of the year's grimmest movies something to see.

**IN HARM'S WAY.** Director Otto Preminger remembers Pearl Harbor just long enough to launch John Wayne, Patricia Neal and other heroic types into some exciting tales of World War II.

**THE OVERCOAT.** A shy office clerk (Roland Bykov) trades his rags for the mantle of tragedy in this exquisite Russian version of Gogol's classic.

**A BOY TEN FEET TALL.** Huck Finn charm mingles with Hemingwayish ruggedness when a runaway British lad (Fergus McClelland) and a grizzled old diamond posher (Edward G. Robinson) cross paths in brightest Africa.

**THE SOUND OF MUSIC.** Julie Andrews founds the Trapp Family Singers and triumphs over Nazis, the Tyrolean Alps, seven adorable noppets and a schmalzy Rodgers and Hammerstein score.

**DAIRY OF A CHAMBERMAID.** Sex and sadism among the bourgeoisie of provincial France, with Jeanne Moreau as the Parisian maid who studies evil through a cool, clear glass.

**RED DESERT.** Color infuses plot and theme and provides the principal fascination of Director Michelangelo Antonioni's drama about a neurotic young wife (Monica Vitti) who searches her soul against a dispiriting industrial cityscape.

**ZORBA THE GREEK.** Strong red wine distilled from Nikos Kazantzakis' novel, with Anthony Quinn as Zorba, Oscar

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### Atlas has a much rounder mold!

What makes it rounder? A special mold precision engraved to within 3/1000 of an inch of perfect round. Other molds can be out of round by as much as 30/1000 of an inch.

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The toughest possible driving tests

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THE TRAIN. A battle of the rails pits Burt Lancaster against Nazi Officer Paul Scofield, who tries to whisk a trainload of French art treasures off to Germany during the last days of the occupation.

## BOOKS

### Best Reading

DREISER, by W. A. Swanberg. A crude, naive natural writer, Dreiser was the founder and embodiment of the realistic school of writing that shocked the country in the first decades of this century. His life, like his work, was stubborn, untidy and wayward. Biographer Swanberg (*Citizen Heart*) has made the most of it.

THE GIANT DWARFS, by Gisela Flisner. A bitterly effective indictment of the Nazi era and the new materialistic society that succeeded it. Through the eyes of a brilliant child, this young German novelist depicts a family's joyless, all-consuming pursuit of money and respectability at the cost of human feeling.

BACK TO CHINA, by Leslie Fiedler. The hero is a guilt collector who enmeshes himself in the misdeeds of others, while fastidiously ignoring his gaping lapses of conscience. A good satire on the portrait-of-the-artist-as-a-dirty-dog school.

THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, by Samuel Eliot Morison. The historian-admiral draws heavily on his earlier works to present the sweep of the American story. His perspective on recent history is naturally personal, but the book is solidly readable and laced with many of its author's valuable insights.

I WILL TRY, by Legson Kayira. A youthful African from the Malawi Republic (formerly Nyasaland), the author decided in 1958 to "walk" from his home to the U.S. to find freedom and an education. Nearly two years later, he made it to a junior college in Washington State. He tells of his odyssey with warmth and a sense of wonder that many more practiced writers would be hard put to match.

SAM WARD, "KING OF THE LOBBY," by Lately Thomas. The story of the first real congressional lobbyist to flourish in post-Civil War Washington is a valuable history of the moneyed side of 19th century America. There were few great houses that did not welcome Sam—or his favors.

### Best Sellers

#### FICTION

1. Herzog, Bellow (1 last week)
2. Up the Down Staircase, Kaufman (2)
3. Hotel, Hailey (4)
4. Don't Stop the Carnival, Wouk (3)
5. Funeral in Berlin, Deighton (6)
6. The Ambassador, West (7)
7. Hurry Sundown, Gilden (8)
8. The Man, Wallace (5)
9. The Flight of the Falcon, Du Maurier
10. An American Dream, Mailer (9)

#### NONFICTION

1. Markings, Hammarskjöld (1)
2. Queen Victoria, Longford (5)
3. Journal of a Soul, Pope John XXIII (2)
4. The Founding Father, Whalen (3)
5. My Shadow Ran Fast, Sands (4)
6. The Italians, Barzini (6)
7. Sixpence in Her Shoe, McGinley (10)
8. Life with Picasso, Gillot and Lake
9. Catherine the Great, Oldenbourg
10. Design for Survival, Power (9)



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# LETTERS

Franklin, or Teddy?

Sir: TIME's coverage of the Dominican situation [May 7] was most illuminating, especially the special section on the long history of fear and hate on the entire island of Hispaniola. It is common knowledge that a Dominican rebellion was bound to come. In fact, most political scientists predicted this long before the assassination of Trujillo. Therefore, the necessity for immediate troop movements by President Johnson did not come as a great surprise to Latin diplomats. The protection of our nationals and the prevention of a Communist take-over surely provided enough justification.

CHARLES FREEMAN

New York City

Sir: General Wessin y Wessin is not preventing another Cuba. He is creating the conditions for it by preventing the return of the democratically elected President, whom he illegally deposed, and the re-establishment of the constitution, which he abolished. And we are helping him with it! First by recognizing the illegal junta of D. R. Cabral (which, incidentally, President Kennedy refused to do) and now by sending 14,000 marines, who are supposed to be "impartial" but are in practice helping to prevent the return of Juan Bosch.

ANDREW DIENES

Pasadena, Calif.

Sir: Sending U.S. Marines to the Dominican Republic is about as tactful as sending the Selma police force to handle a disturbance in Harlem.

MARVIN ROSEN

New York City

Sir: Bully for Lyndon! He's growing more like Teddy and less like Franklin every day. Y'all charge now. . .

WILLIAM PURVES

Tufts University

Sir: Believing that TIME shows as much courage and foresight in being consistently anti-Communist as in being consistently pro-integration, I applaud much of your realism in the Wessin y Wessin cover story. But I do feel that the inconsistencies in our foreign policy, which did so much to force us into the necessary but tragic intervention, are an essential part of the story. Bosch's downfall certainly stemmed from his incompetence, and his softness toward Communists; yet had we intervened then rather than now in support of a freely elected constitutional government, no one could accuse us of intervening on the side of a military clique without popular support. If last week's revolt began, as the President says, as "an action dedicated to social justice," why did no word of encouragement come from Washington in the period before the Communists began to infiltrate the rebel ranks? If our foreign policy continues to be mainly "anti" in underdeveloped countries that require drastic social and land reforms, the Communists will always side with the "pros" and, in the end, leave us with no ally but naked force.

SELDEN RODMAN

Oakland, N.J.

\* Author of *Quisqueya: A History of the Dominican Republic*. Hatt: *The Black Republic*; Mexican Journal, etc.

Sir: As an ex-Peace Corps volunteer in the Dominican Republic, I took rather perverse satisfaction in discovering that even TIME (which was, and is, my symbol of accuracy) occasionally blunders. If that's not former Dictator Trujillo in your picture captioned "Bosch in Puerto Rico," I'll gladly pay double for next week's edition.

DWIGHT TUINSTRA

St. Paul, Minn.



*Reader Tuinstra may keep his money. See cut of the real Juan Bosch whose name, in some copies, inadvertently appeared beneath a picture of Trujillo.*

Sir: The "few suspicious Latin Americans" you mention who object to U.S. actions in the Dominican Republic happen to be, unfortunately, those of the "democratic left," for whose support we have been working since President Kennedy took steps toward abandoning a policy of support for dictatorships of the right. Sixty years ago it was "Speak softly and carry a big stick." Now it's "Broadcast it nationwide and send in the Marines." Let's hope that this time American occupation is not followed by another Trujillo.

ANNE E. KOFF

Washington, D.C.

## Professors v. the Advisers

Sir: In presenting only McGeorge Bundy's rather hostile reply, you unfairly dismissed our letters as naive [May 7]. The academic community is concerned because the chief advisers to the President have ignored the advice of Asian experts and have shown a lack of candor in calling the complex Viet Nam war a simple case of good guys v. bad guys. If you had quoted my reply to Bundy, you would have noted our belief that former academicians have an obligation to scholarship, just as the Surgeon General is re-

sponsible to standards of the medical profession.

ROBERT BUCKHOUT, PH.D.  
Ad Hoc Committee on Foreign Policy  
Washington University  
St. Louis

Sir: Why, in a country that promotes freedom of speech and freedom of the press, must there be a conforming opinion on current policy in Viet Nam? Thinking citizens need evaluate, and react—perhaps by joining the army or perhaps by joining the picket lines. Surely, the Administration does not have a monopoly on all the wisdom in the U.S.

(MRS.) PATSY COPPOCK ROBINS  
Columbus

Sir: Thank God our President and his three top advisers can stand up against the barrage of criticism for their determined action in Viet Nam and in the Dominican Republic. The free world has seen enough "Munichs."

WENDELL O. EDWARDS  
San Juan, P.R.

## The South's Progress

Sir: The recently begun TIME Essay series has been much appreciated, but never more so than the May 7 Essay, "The Other South." As a South Carolinian now living in Pennsylvania, my private campaign has been for recognition of the good though slow progress of integration in the South rather than concentration on its sensational and bad aspects. I hope that TIME has started a trend toward emphasizing the more newsworthy "plus" side to integration.

MARY R. MILLER

Harrisburg, Pa.

## Steel & Beyond

Sir: Re your cover story on Harold Wilson [April 30]: I know that socialism is an emotive word in the U.S., but may I assure my fellow TIME readers that doctrinaire socialism is as fatuous to an Englishman as sex to a eunuch? Nationalization of the steel industry is not some thing that goes bump in the night, but the simple equivalent to a socialist government of lines of communication to a soldier, a security that is necessary before either can function at its best. It is necessary in England, but not in America, to nationalize the basic industries.

(MRS.) IRIS HARVEY

London

Sir: Make no mistake, the renationalization of steel, cloaked under efficiency or national interest, will bring other in-

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## How to Behave in a Bar Room

by  
Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.,  
President

Old Fitzgerald  
Distillery  
Louisville, Kentucky  
Established 1849



Century ago a 7¼ foot Kentucky named Jim Porter ran a tavern on our waterfront.

His fame as a strong man and bully-boy was matched by his skill with the "long gun".

Jim's customers, largely river men and pioneers, were a rowdy lot. Yet inside his premises he maintained reasonable decorum.

Posted on the back bar, and strictly enforced, were his "Rules of Deportment". Beneath, quick to hand, lay his "Persuader"—the squirrel gun, cocked and primed.

One such rule, in heavy block letters, read—"Gentlemen imbibing foreign and alien spirits other than Kentucky Bourbon may be requested to pay in cash."

Jim figured the man who failed to appreciate native Kentucky Sour Mash, could not be trusted to pay for anything else.

"Foreign Spirits", by his rule meant Maryland Rye, Pennsylvania Blend, Georgia Corn, New England Rum. Because he did not know they even existed, his rule did not stretch beyond continental borders to such alien beverages as Scotch or Canada whiskies, much less to the fighting spirit of the Irish.

Today, on the wall of a new "Jim Porter Room" in one of our best Louisville hotels, Jim's rifle and rules may still be seen.

Here much of Jim's original tavern atmosphere has been retained, but for some reason unknown to us, the public now insists occasionally on foreign spirits from North of the Border or across the Sea.

Yet, front and center amongst the aliens now, as then, stands out a proud fixture of the house—our famous OLD FITZGERALD, favorite of Bourbon lovers for almost a hundred years.

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dustries under the shadow of the Red Flag. To imagine that present socialist policies, even though they still bear the mark of middle-of-the-road politics, will continue under a larger parliamentary majority is akin to living like Alice in Wonderland. There is little doubt that the left wing of the Labor party will eventually rise and demand complete control of industry.

L. I. FLEMING

London

Sir: Patrick Gordon Walker lost Leyton, not Smethwick, in a January by-election. The latter he lost in the general election in October. Both were "safe" Labor seats.

REED HOFFMAN

Enterprise, Kans.

### No Special Privilege

Sir: In your mention of the Manhattan Show which includes pictures by Lord Snowdon [May 7], you suggested the pictures of poor and elderly Britons were taken on charity missions, accompanied by his wife, Princess Margaret. This is not true. The pictures were taken on straightforward assignment for the *Sunday Times Magazine*, and he was only accompanied by one of our writers. On no occasion has Lord Snowdon taken advantage of his marriage to gain access to situations that were not available to other photographers.

MARK BONER  
Editor

*Sunday Times Magazine*  
London

### Campus Individuals

Sir: In your college-acceptance article [May 7] the various young men you mentioned appeared much more eminently qualified than I am. I cannot conceive how Harvard and Swarthmore would accept me and not those others. But that is what they did. At Swarthmore I was told: "I don't want to hear about your grades, your College Boards, or your National Merit scores. Let's just find out what type of person you are." At the end of an hour we had discussed teen-age drinking, Viet Nam, the influence of Christianity on America, and the pennant race. Harvard's interview committee was roughly equivalent: "We want to know if you can express your ideas forcefully, originally and cogently."

Why were those boys turned down, and why was I accepted? Simple, yet not so simple. In an age where the individual is fast becoming a thing of the past, the college is still looking for him. I hate the Beatles.

THOMAS A. O'DONNELL

Cheminade College Prep  
St. Louis

Sir: I was one of those "wheels" in an "upper-crusty, hockey-playing school for boys" (St. Paul's), and I came to Duke with the express purpose of getting away from the sham of New England education. I'm not saying that Harvard and Yale are not good schools, but as far as undergraduate work is concerned, nearly every college is a "good school."

ZAN CARYER

Duke University  
Durham, N.C.

### Pétain's Clean Sword

Sir: I agree, Franco "may never be considered respectable enough in the Western community" [April 23]—of Tito, Brandt, Nenni, Spaak, Attlee, Mendès-France,

Norman Thomas and TIM. But for 25 years "the cleanest sword of Europe" (as Pétain called him) has been the same, without ambassadors, United Nations, and economic help. And now, when he is 72, our only problem is to find another competent statesman to follow his path and shun the ways of some sticky Westerners. Meanwhile, the U.S. in its own interest should wish us good luck.

FERNANDO BOYER

Lérida, Spain

### From Madness to Greatness

Sir: I am 40 years old and I lived under Mussolini from the time I was born until he was shot, and I never noted all those brilliant performances described by those "rehabilitators" [April 30]. Nor did I ever feel that Mussolini gave me the awareness of belonging to a great nation. On the contrary, like many Italians, I saw idiosyncrasies and stupidities, blood, tears and frustrations imposed upon the Italian people by the Fascist dictator and his cronies. After the war, when the horrors of the Fascist regime came more apparently to the surface, I felt ashamed, bitter and miserable. The pride in being an Italian stayed with me because there were men like De Gasperi, Pope Pius and Pope John, who reminded me that there is a time when a country can go mad, and a time when it can reach the highest degree of greatness.

LIVIO FRAGIACOMO

St. Paul, Minn.

### Maligned Group

Sir: Re your article about annual meetings [April 30]: clowns certainly hurt the cause of the stockholder. But of the four groups making up a corporation—labor, management, stockholders, and government (taxes)—the stockholder is the least protected and most harassed and maligned. One day in the not-too-distant future, there must be and will be a union of stockholders to protect their rights against management and legislation on its pre-emptive rights and stock options that take away stockholders' property rights without their consent.

ST. LOUIS

FRED SARGENT

### Cataract Surgery

Sir: The unidentified photo illustrating "cryosurgery for cataracts" [April 30] was taken at our hospital, and, indeed, Dr. Charles Kelman and his Cryosylet, Tim, should let its readers know of Dr. Kelman's pioneering work.

HERBERT H. LONG

Administrator  
Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital  
New York City

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Then we paint it again.

And bake it again.

And sand it again by hand.

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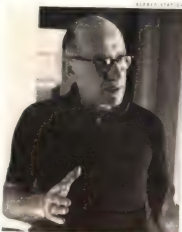
John J. Figg

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Bernard M. Amer

THE military and diplomatic warfare went on last week in widely separated parts of the world, and the significant events and issues involved are reported, analyzed, assessed and commented on in **THE NATION, THE HEMISPHERE, THE WORLD AND ESSAY**. Important as all of that news is, the biggest story of the week in terms of its probable effect on the future of mankind was punctuated by an 85-lb. electronic package orbiting space with the earth some 22,000 miles in space. It was to this story—the Communications Explosion that is literally enveloping the whole world—that the editors turned for this week's cover.

The first important use of Early Bird (the heart operation seen across an ocean, the international conversations) made quite a splash on television and in the newspapers. What



STEINBERG

was largely left to be told was the story of the genius and years upon years of faith and dedication and work that led to the moment when the first image was sent on its round trip through space. This, plus an assessment of what the fantastic advance in communications portends for the future, is the essence of the cover story turned out by Veteran Science Writer Jonathan Norton Leonard and Senior Editor Richard Seamon.

**T**O depict the far-out cover subject the editors called on an artist of far-ranging talent. Rumanian-born Saul Steinberg studied psychology at the University of Bucharest and architecture at the University of Milan, was a U.S. Navy officer in World War II, and has gained an international reputation for his vividly imaginative drawings. He is best known, perhaps, for his regular contributions to *The New Yorker*, has also been published in *LIFE*, *Fortune*, *Sports Illustrated* and *Harper's Bazaar*. In his deceptively simple linear technique, he gives life to Paul Klee's definition of drawing as the art of taking a line for a walk.

This week's cover, Steinberg's first for TIME, shows the artist in his more intricate mode of expression. He sought to convey his view of space communications as a maze of reflections of one thing to another. Since his forte is satire, he did not fail to convey the somewhat frightening prospect of man's new capability to store a mass of information and, on signal, send it anywhere in the world. His drawing, both amusing and sobering, is one to study and ponder.

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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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## THE NATION

### THE PRESIDENCY

#### The Wartime Leader

With 69,200 Americans committed on land, at sea and in the air to the conflict in Viet Nam and another 31,600 enforcing a precarious peace in the Dominican Republic, the U.S. is a nation at war. And its leader is proving himself one of the most remarkable of all wartime Presidents.

Rarely has the presidency been so personalized. To Lyndon Baines Johnson, it is "my" Security Council and "my" intelligence bulletin. Referring to air strikes against North Viet Nam, he told aides: "I could have bombed again last night, but I didn't." Of the U.S. effort in Viet Nam, he said: "I thank the Lord that I've got men who want to go with me, from McNamara right down to the littlest private who's carrying a gun." Of Communist intransigence in Viet Nam, he cried: "They actually thought pressure on an American President would get so great that he'd pull out of Viet Nam. They don't know the President of the U.S. He's not pulling out."

"I Don't Expect to Duck." For Lyndon Johnson, the days run into nights and the nights into days. "Some days," he said, "I suddenly realize at 5 o'clock that I haven't had lunch." Frequently, he is still on the telephone at 4 a.m. He manages his afternoon naps but no longer has time for swims in the White House pool. Instead of the relaxing Cutty Sark and soda, he now sips root beer or a no-calorie orange drink in his Oval Office. There are deep, dark circles beneath his eyes, and his voice is hoarse. Last week he paused briefly to gaze at a White House bust of another wartime President—Abraham Lincoln—and compassion was stamped on his own weary features.

But he never stops or even slows down. To reporters accompanying him on backyard walks, to dinner guests, to aides who sit at his bedside at night, to Latin American leaders, and to the nation and the world over television, he constantly explains and defends his decisions. "When you duck, dodge, hesitate and shimmy, every man and his dog give you a kick," he said. "I expect to get kicked, but I don't expect to duck." Replying to complaints about his decision to send troops into the Dominican Republic, Johnson snapped: "I realize I am running the risk of

being called a gunboat diplomat, but that is nothing compared to what I'd be called if the Dominican Republic went down the drain."

On the Air. The President has taken to using television the way other men use the telephone. In the past two weeks he has appeared six times—usually on the spur of the moment, to such an extent that harried network executives

them trained in Cuba, "took increasing control. And what began as a popular democratic revolution committed to democracy and social justice very shortly moved and was taken over and really seized and placed into the hands of a band of Communist conspirators."

"Welcome to the Club." Within 24 hours, he was explaining it all again in a surprise speech to A.F.L.-C.I.O.



L.B.J. & LINCOLN BUST

"I feel like U.S. Grant used to."

pleaded for warnings further in advance. A typical performance came at 9:58 p.m. on Sunday, May 2. Johnson gave the networks less than three hours' notice. No one knew what his subject was going to be. Only CBS carried the appearance live. Yet it proved to be one of Johnson's meatiest statements about the Dominican Republic.

"Revolution in any country is a matter for that country to deal with," said the President. "It becomes a matter calling for hemispheric action only—repeat, only—when the subject is the establishment of a Communist dictatorship. We support no single man or any single group of men in the Dominican Republic. Our goal in keeping the principles of the American system is to help prevent another Communist state in this hemisphere, and we would like to do this without bloodshed or without large-scale fighting."

He said that Communists, many of

construction-trade union leaders at Washington's Hilton Hotel. Pointing toward a U.S. flag, he declared: "Where American citizens go, that flag goes with them to protect them." There was a moment of self-indulgence: "I am the most denounced man in the world. All the Communist nations have got a regular program on me that runs 24 hours a day. Some of the non-Communist nations just kind of practice on me. And occasionally, I get touched up here at home in the Senate and the House of Representatives." But no matter. "What is important," he said, "is that we know and they know and everybody knows that we don't propose to sit here in our rocking chair with our hands folded and let the Communists set up any government in the Western Hemisphere."

Next day, he abruptly summoned to the White House 200 Congressmen, members of the Senate and House committees on Appropriations, Foreign Re-

lations and Armed Services. Reporters and television cameras covered the meeting, and the President spoke about Viet Nam. "There are those who frequently talk of negotiations and political settlement, and they believe this is the course we should pursue—and so do I," he said. "When they talk that way, I say welcome to the club. I want to negotiate. I would much rather talk than fight." Rapping the lectern with his knuckles, he demanded that Congress give him \$700 million to meet further military requirements in Viet Nam.

This was the President's way of winning a congressional expression of confidence. He had instructed Speechwriter Richard Goodwin: "I want it to be very clear that this is a vote for my policy in Viet Nam." When the message went to Capitol Hill, it read: "This is not a routine appropriation. For each member of Congress who supports this request is also voting to persist in our effort to halt Communist aggression in South Viet Nam."

Within 48 hours, the appropriation was approved by both houses with enormous majorities. But some Congressmen were not very happy about it. Vermont's Republican Senator George Aiken insisted that his affirmative vote was by no means "an endorsement of the costly mistakes of the past." Oregon Democrat Wayne Morse, one of three Senators to vote nay (the others: Alaskan Democrat Ernest Gruening, Wisconsin Democrat Gaylord Nelson), seemed almost hysterical. "My government," he cried, "today stands before the world drunk with military power."

**Letter from Ike.** Few men are more sensitive to criticism than President Johnson, and his mood was not notably improved by a demand from Charles de Gaulle that he pull the marines out of the Dominican Republic. Time and again during the week, Johnson pulled from his pocket a recent letter from Dwight Eisenhower, who wrote: "If there is any who opposes the President in his conduct of our foreign affairs, he should send his views on a confidential basis to the Administration; none of us should try to divide the support that citizens owe to their head of state in critical international situations." The absurdity of Ike's idea was pointed out by New York Daily News Columnist Ted Lewis: "Certainly Ike in 1952, when he tore into Truman's conduct of the 'police action' in Korea, was not following the 'write a confidential letter' advice he is now giving."<sup>4</sup>

It may have been because of blurred intelligence estimates, but the President undoubtedly got the U.S. more deeply involved in the Dominican fighting than he had originally intended. Now, under

his leadership, the nation's diplomatic efforts were bent—successfully—on winning a reluctant but historic decision to take the U.S. off the hook by sending a hemispheric peace-keeping force into the Dominican Republic (see THE HEMISPHERE). And in Viet Nam, despite a continuing chorus of criticism, particularly on U.S. college campuses, the President kept increasing the pressure. In the largest amphibious landing operation since the Korean War, 3,000 marines and 3,000 seabees went ashore near Chu Lai to build an airbase for launching more bombing raids into North Viet Nam. Although the President solemnly declared that "our firmness may well have brought us closer to peace," he admitted to reporters last



JAMES MONROE

*The threat was implicit.*

week: "It's a mess. There is no question about that. I wish it was better, too."

**Thoughts about Home.** Johnson would hardly be human if the responsibilities of what amounts to a one-man show did not weigh heavily on him. Said he: "These days are a little tense. I don't feel as free to go out over the country. I feel like U.S. Grant used to. He said he never faced an audience where he didn't feel uneasy and quivering in his stomach. You don't stand up before 200 Congressmen like I did this morning without feeling that way."

During a twilight stroll around the White House grounds last week, the President told reporters that from now on he might spend as much as 25% of his time at his Texas ranch. Looking at the White House, he said: "It's not a home. It's some place you go when you finish work." He spoke of the airplanes flying overhead in the National Airport traffic pattern. "I wake up at 5 some mornings and hear the planes coming in, and I think they are bombing me. Then at 8 a.m., when I'm trying to read a report from a general, all the tourists are going by right under your bed. And when you're trying to take a nap, Lady Bird is in the next room with Laurence Rockefeller and 80 ladies talking about

the daffodils on Pennsylvania Avenue."

But, despite noisy planes and talk about daffodils, the President is functioning at top form. The U.S. is finding out once again that each President is different, that comparisons of Johnson to Kennedy or Eisenhower or Truman are, in the end, meaningless. For Johnson is Johnson, and stress and strain only make him more so. Never has the U.S. had a President more passionately, earnestly and all-encompassingly dedicated to and consumed by his work.

## FOREIGN RELATIONS

### The Johnson Corollary

For a long while after the gunfire has died away in the Dominican Republic, diplomats, lawyers, politicians and professors will be arguing the legality and morality of the U.S. intervention.

The U.S., of course, did not invent intervention—it has been an instrument of nations ever since there have been any. The U.S. has probably used that instrument with greater restraint, and less for the purpose of territorial aggrandizement, than any other major power in human history. Yet upon no fewer than 148 occasions—the latest being in the Dominican Republic—the U.S. has "intervened" in the sense of landing armed troops on foreign shores in situations short of declared war.

The classic use of U.S. military intervention has been to enforce respect for American lives and property. Thus, in 1801, marines landed in Tripoli to free the crew of a seized U.S. ship. In 1849, a U.S. naval force debarked in Turkey to gain the release of an imprisoned American. In 1851, U.S. troops intervened on Johanna Island, off East Africa, to exact redress for the imprisonment of an American whaling captain.

**A Bulwark Against Designs.** But far more important than the protection of American nationals was worry that European countries might come over the Atlantic again to intervene in pursuit of old colonialist designs. This fear, in turn, gave rise to the U.S.'s enduring defensive bulwark against foreign encroachment in the Western Hemisphere: the Monroe Doctrine.

Contained in President James Monroe's State of the Union message on Dec. 2, 1823, the doctrine declared: "The occasion has been judged proper for asserting, as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers." Implicit in the Monroe Doctrine was the threat that the U.S. would oppose any such European intervention with armed force.

While the U.S. was occupied with the Civil War, Spain regained control of its former colony of Santo Domingo, and France set up the Austrian Arch-

<sup>4</sup> In Rock Island, Ill., on Sept. 17, 1952, Ike asked: "How do we stop or avoid any further Koreans; in short, how do we get away from the fumbling and bumbling that led us into Korea?" The next day in Newton, Iowa, he said: "We should be keeping our boys at home and not be preparing them to serve in uniforms across the seas."

duke Maximilian as Emperor of Mexico. But in 1865, shortly after Apamattox, the Spaniards cleared out of Santo Domingo; a year later France, under U.S. pressure, began pulling its troops out of Mexico, leaving Maximilian to die before a Mexican firing squad. In 1903, after Germany, Britain and Italy decreed a blockade of Venezuela to force the dictator of the day to pay claims due their citizens, President Theodore Roosevelt warned the Europeans away with a threat of intervention by the U.S. fleet.

"Wrongdoing or Impotence," A year later, T.R. enunciated his "Roosevelt Corollary" to the Monroe Doctrine. Bluntly, Teddy declared: "Chronic wrongdoing, or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilized society, may in America, as elsewhere, ultimately require intervention by some civilized nation, and in the Western Hemisphere the adherence of the United States to the Monroe Doctrine may force the United States, however reluctantly, . . . to the exercise of an international police power."

Teddy's was the Big Stick. In 1903, after the U.S. had kicked the Spaniards out of Cuba and supported Panama's revolt against Colombia because of Washington's interest in an isthmian canal, Roosevelt signed treaties with Cuba and Panama providing for U.S. intervention to protect the fledgling republics' independence. But T.R.'s successors also invoked the corollary. In 1909, when Nicaragua erupted in chaos under the corrupt anti-American dictatorship of José Santos Zelaya, President Taft sent in troops, who occupied the Central American republic almost continually until 1933.

In 1915, after the ex-French colony of Haiti had deposed, blown up, poisoned or butchered six Presidents in four years, and with France already starting to land troops, U.S. Marines moved in, ruled the Negro republic for 19 years. In 1916, after similarly bloody tumult in the Dominican Republic, mar-

ines intervened, stayed until 1924. In each case, the American intervention forces created local constabularies, collected customs and serviced the country's foreign debts.

**The Organization.** In 1933, announcing that the U.S. wanted to be a "good neighbor," President Franklin Roosevelt vowed that "the definite policy of the United States from now on is one opposed to armed intervention." But during World War II, Roosevelt himself had to move urgently into Latin American internal affairs with economic, diplomatic and military pressure, to counter Axis influence.

The Organization of American States was formed at Bogotá in 1948 as a means, strongly urged by the U.S., of helping the hemisphere help itself. Among the many provisions of its charter was Article 15, stating: "No State or group of States has the right to intervene, directly or indirectly, for any reason whatever, in the internal or external affairs of any other state."

But those were relatively innocent days, especially in so far as recognition of the hemispheric aims of international Communism was concerned. In the early 1950s, when a Red regime took over Guatemala, the OAS contented itself with only a tentative step toward meeting the Communist threat. Adopted at the OAS's 1954 conference in Caracas, at John Foster Dulles' urging, was this resolution: "The domination or control of the political institutions of any American State by the international Communist movement, extending to this Hemisphere the political system of an extracontinental power, would constitute a threat to the sovereignty and political independence of the American States, endangering the peace of America, and would call for a Meeting of Consultation to consider the adoption of appropriate action in accordance with existing treaties." But no positive OAS action followed in Guatemala, and only a U.S.-supported invasion by Guatemalan exiles toppled the Communists from power.

Thus, the danger was cited—but the remedy remained a "Meeting of Consultation." OAS meetings have never in the past been known for swift or decisive action. In more than six years of blatant Castro subversion-by-export, the OAS has had scores of meetings, managed at most to suspend trade with Cuba except for food and medicine, and bar diplomatic relations with Havana (Mexico has ignored the latter).

Made painfully aware of OAS shortcomings, President John Kennedy said shortly after the abortive 1961 Bay of Pigs invasion: "Let the record show that our restraint is not inexhaustible. Should it ever appear that the inter-American doctrine of noninterference merely conceals or excuses a policy of nonaction—if the nations of this hemisphere should fail to meet their commitments against outside Communist penetration—then I want it clearly understood that this Government will not



ELIHU ROOT  
The right was obvious.

hesitate in meeting its primary obligations, which are to the security of our nation. Should that time ever come, we do not intend to be lectured on 'intervention' by those whose character was stamped for all time on the bloody streets of Budapest."

**"We Will Defend . . ."** When confronted last fortnight by mounting evidence that Castro Communists had taken control of the revolt in the Dominican Republic, President Johnson had to act fast: if he had waited for the OAS to debate the whole thing, the Dominican Republic today would almost certainly be a Red-ruled island. Later, in explaining his actions, he enunciated what some have since called "the Johnson Doctrine." It is hardly that, being at most a corollary to the tried and true Monroe Doctrine. Johnson's policy is aimed, with stark simplicity, at barring "the establishment of another Communist government in the Western Hemisphere." Said Johnson: "I want you to know, and I want the world to know, that as long as I am President of this country, we are going to defend ourselves. We will defend our soldiers against attackers. We will honor our treaties. We will keep our commitments. We will defend our nation against all those who seek to destroy not only the United States but every free country of this hemisphere."

If that is a new policy, it would come as a surprise to every American statesman, going back to James Monroe. For at its basis lies the sovereign right, defended by Americans of all decades, of self-protection. It was perhaps best expressed by a great Secretary of State, Elihu Root, who wrote in 1914: "It is well understood that the exercise of the right of self-protection may, frequently does, extend in its effect beyond the limits of the territorial jurisdiction of the state exercising it . . . [It is] the right of every sovereign state to protect itself by preventing a condition of affairs in which it will be too late to defend itself."



THEODORE ROOSEVELT  
The stick was big.

## ARMED FORCES

### How Many Left? Plenty

Considering the fact that more than 100,000 U.S. military men are involved in combat-type duty in the Viet Nam and Dominican Republic areas, how many more could the U.S. tap if any new crises were to pop up? The answer: plenty—for anything less than another world war.

The roll call:

- **ARMY.** Of the 18,800 Army personnel in Viet Nam, almost all have been picked on the basis of specialized qualifications; organized units have not, as a rule, been sent. The Army presently has 16 active divisions of about 15,000 men each. Of these divisions, five are in Europe, two in South Korea and one in Hawaii. The other eight are stationed in the U.S. as part of the so-called "strategic reserve." They are: the 1st and 2nd Armored Divisions at Fort Hood, Texas; the 1st Infantry Division at Fort Riley, Kans.; the 2nd Infantry Division at Fort Benning, Ga.; the 4th Infantry Division at Fort Lewis, Wash.; the 5th Infantry Division (mechanized) at Fort Carson, Colo.; the 101st Airborne Division at Fort Campbell, Ky.; and what is left of the 82nd Airborne Division after some 12,000 of its men were sent from Fort Bragg, N.C., to the Dominican Republic. In addition, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara has designated six National Guard and Reserve divisions as high-priority outfits furnished with the most modern sort of equipment and in a state of readiness that could take them into combat anywhere in the world within 30 to 60 days. By rough estimate, there are 110,000 Army combat men on active duty (not including supporting units) immediately deployable from the U.S.

- **MARINE CORPS.** The corps now has three divisions of 18,000 fighting men each. Of these, the hallowed 1st Marine Division is in combat readiness at Camp Pendleton, Calif. The 2nd Division has sent slightly more than one-third of its men to the Dominican Republic, but the others remain at Camp Lejeune, N.C., on call for anywhere. The 3rd Marine Division is largely deployed in the Pacific area, and has furnished most of the corps' contribution so far to the Vietnamese fighting, particularly around the Danang airbase. Attached to each of the three divisions is an 8,000-man, 200-fighter plane air wing. Currently, parts of two wings are assigned to Viet Nam and the Dominican Republic.

- **AIR FORCE.** Strategic bombers and missiles are not, of course, being used. Of some 1,800 ultramodern U.S. tactical fighters and fighter-bombers, only about 10% are actively engaged in Viet Nam—and none in the Dominican Republic. Thus the tactical strength of the Air Force has hardly been dented by the combat operations in which the U.S. has recently been engaged.



101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION TROOPS AT FT. CAMPBELL, KY.  
Immediately deployable; 110,000 Army combat troops.

- **NAVY.** Of the Navy's 667,000 men, only a fraction are presently involved in either Viet Nam or the Dominican Republic. Some 27,000 of the Seventh Fleet's 64,000 men are on duty in the South China Sea and 9,900 men of the Second Fleet's complement of 20,000 are stationed in the Caribbean. Elsewhere, the Navy has the Sixth Fleet, with 50 ships, 200 planes and 25,000 men in the Mediterranean, and the First Fleet, with 90 ships, 420 planes and 60,000 men in the Pacific.

## THE ADMINISTRATION

### The Black-Banders

The Government team had been given a thankless assignment: explaining the U.S. presence in Viet Nam to college students and professors.

Members of the team at various times were Thomas F. Conlon, 40, now head of the State Department's Australia and New Zealand desk, but between 1960 and 1962 a Vietnamese-speaking official of the U.S. embassy's political section in Saigon; Earl J. Young, 34, an AID representative in South Viet Nam between 1963 and last February; Lieut. Colonels Thomas M. Wait, 40, and Rolfe L. Hillman Jr., 41, both veteran U.S. Army advisers in South Viet Nam.

They had been to the State University of Iowa in Iowa City and to Drake University in Des Moines. At Iowa City, where the team met with 200 students and faculty in a campus building that once was the state Capitol, they were picketed, hooted and jeered at by the largely hostile audience.

Now the team arrived at the University of Wisconsin in Madison. They had been invited by a recently formed campus Committee to Support the People of South Viet Nam. Opposing their appearance was a Committee to End the War in Viet Nam. They were hailed by

a declaration, signed by 132 faculty members and carried in a college newspaper, attacking the U.S. for creating in Viet Nam "a triple crisis—moral, domestic and practical."

"Light, Not Heat." At an informal preliminary session over coffee and cookies with professors and graduate students, the team got a taste of what it was in for. "You State Department people," complained Fred Ciporen, 25, a history graduate, "are coming here on the assumption that we students don't know what Government policy is. Well we do know, and we disagree with it." Replied Conlon: "No, we don't make that assumption at all. We only intend to share our experience with you. We are interested in and respect your views and hope you will respect ours." Retorted Ciporen: "Come on! Why not be honest with us? Like Johnson, you think we're a bunch of babbling idiots." Said Conlon quietly: "We want to shed light, not heat."

That night, some 650 students and faculty members showed up for the full-dress question-and-answer period. Many of them carried placards saying such things as, THE WAR IN VIET NAM IS AN IMMORAL WAR, A DIRTY WAR, A FUTILE WAR. About a third of the audience were black armbands.

The Bullfight. The black-armbanders refused to sit down, stood hooting and hollering around the edges of the hall. The chairman of the meeting, Angela Mischke, 23, a graduate in Russian history, pleaded in vain "Please sit down." Cried Fred Ciporen: "These people are standing for a reason! If you ask them to sit down, you're missing the point." Finally a semblance of order was achieved, and Conlon began by comparing the meeting to a bullfight where the crowd had just shouted "Let the bull come out!" Asked for a general statement of the U.S. position in Viet Nam,

he said simply: "The overall aim of the U.S. Government is to assist a legal government, recognized by over 50 countries in the world, to resist aggression from North Viet Nam."

Lieut. Colonel Hillman was asked by an armband-wearer: "What do napalm or gas do to a person when used in Viet Nam?" Said he: "The gas you speak of is a misnomer as we normally understand gas. It is better described as an incapacitating agent, one already in use in the United States by police and Army..." Yelled a heckler: "Does it work against Negroes?" Continued Hillman: "To answer the rest of the question, what does napalm do? It burns."

A student from Ceylon wanted to know about "what goes on in the month of torture" undergone by captured Viet Cong guerrillas. Said Conlon: "American interrogations in Viet Nam—and I have participated—do not include torture... But if you want examples of torture, why do you never condemn the well-documented tortures carried out by the Communists?"

"Fight It Yourself." At times, reason seemed about to prevail, as when Robert Gordon, 20, a psychology student, arose and pointed at a placard proclaiming the death of U.S. morality. Said he: "I have always been led to believe that good manners are a prerequisite of morality. I'd like to ask what these students are doing here, standing against a wall, protesting loudly, and generally enjoying a right of freedom that would be denied them in any Communist society."

But that was one of the few bright spots. And when Conlon was leaving, he was accosted by Arnold Lochin, a 26-year-old biochemistry graduate, who sneered: "Get this straight, sweetie. We're not going to fight your filthy fascist war. Go fight it yourself."

## THE CONGRESS

### Last Gasp

Disorganized, depressed, and debilitated, the Southern bloc in the Senate had faint hope of blocking the Administration-backed voting-rights bill. But last week, more for the record than anything else, the Southerners made their ritual try. The last-gasp effort was somehow symbolized by Mississippi's respected John Stennis, who had scarcely warmed to his subject when he clutched his throat, staggered slightly, fell into his seat. "Get me some water," he gasped to alarmed Senate aides. As it turned out, Stennis had suffered only a temporary throat spasm—a hazard of the trade—and soon recovered.

The fight might already be over were it not for Massachusetts' Democratic Senator Teddy Kennedy. For weeks Teddy, a spokesman for 38 other Northern liberals, has blocked the bill by trying to force passage of an amendment outlawing poll taxes in state and local elections (they are already banned in federal elections). The Administration and Senate Republican Leader Everett Dirksen oppose the Kennedy proposal on grounds that it might be declared unconstitutional and give the whole bill a black eye; two weeks ago Dirksen and like-minded colleagues proposed a compromise under which the Attorney General would try to get poll taxes prohibited by the U.S. Supreme Court. Nothing doing, declared Teddy, pushing his amendment again last week for a scheduled vote this week.

There had been no doubt that with the support of Dirksen's Republicans and the Northern Democrats, there were enough votes not only to pass the bill but to get the necessary two-thirds majority to shut off debate. That was still the probability. But Teddy's move put the outcome in at least a little doubt.

## ALABAMA

### The Trial

The judge sent for the jury. The twelve white men filed into their seats.

"Gentlemen," said the judge, "have you made any progress since the last time?"

"Judge," said Farmer Clifford McMurphy, the foreman, "I wouldn't say we've made any progress. We've been hung at the same almost from the outset, judge. It's been right constant."

With no hope for an end to the deadlock, the judge declared a mistrial and sent the jury home. And so, last week, in the county courthouse in Hayneville, Ala., ended the murder trial of Collie Leroy Wilkins, 21, who had been charged with murdering Detroit Housewife Viola Gregg Liuzzo on the Selma-Montgomery highway in March.

Wilkins was the first of the three men accused of the Liuzzo murder to stand trial: the other two, Eugene Thomas, 42, and William Orville Eaton, 41, are scheduled to go to court on the same charges in the fall. The Wilkins trial was high courtroom drama with a rich cast of characters: the jury, all natives of Alabama except for one man, a transplanted Floridian; Circuit Judge Thomas Werth Thagard, 63, a gently humorous man with a long and respected record of public service; the soft-spoken prosecutor, Circuit Solicitor Arthur F. Gamble Jr., 45; the melodramatic defense attorney, Matt H. Murphy Jr., 51, self-described "Imperial Klonsel" of the Ku Klux Klan; the defendant himself, a bored auto mechanic, potbellied despite his youth; Robert Shelton, Imperial Wizard of the United Klans of America, who sat at the defense table providing moral support and advice until the judge requested him to take a seat elsewhere; and the two key prosecution witnesses—Negro Leroy Moton, 20, who was riding in the car with Viola Liuzzo on the night of the murder, and FBI Informer Gary Thomas Rowe, 34, who was in the car with the accused killers.

Overcome, Leroy Moton took the stand and told how he and Mrs. Liuzzo got into the Liuzzo car on March 25 and left Selma just after 7:30 p.m. At about 8 o'clock, Moton was "fiddling with the radio dial, and she was humming *We Shall Overcome*," when "a car pulled up beside us and shot into the car two or three times." When the car came to a stop down the road, Moton shut off the ignition, turned off the lights and waited for five minutes. Soon "a car came back," shone its lights at the Liuzzo car, then drove off. When Moton tried to stop a passing car, he was nearly run over, so he "went back to the car and passed out for about 25 or 30 minutes."

Star Witness Rowe, who had been an FBI informant in the Klan for more than five years—during which the FBI paid him a total of \$9,000—told a story that for sheer throat-grIPPING



Viet Nam Debate at the State University of Iowa  
Enjoying rights the Communists would deny.

drama could scarcely be equaled except in fiction.

"Looka There!" On the day of the murder, he said, he had been driving around Selma with Wilkins, Thomas and Eaton. Late in the afternoon they got a warning ticket for speeding from a state patrolman.

For half an hour that evening they cruised around the city—Thomas driving, Eaton seated next to him, Rowe in the left rear seat, Wilkins on his right. At length, "we pulled up to a red light, and there was an auto to our left." In that car "was a white lady and a colored man, Wilkins said. 'Looka there, Baby Brother.' He said, 'I'll be damned, looka there!'" and we all looked and saw them together. Gene Thomas said, 'Let's get 'em.' Mr. Eaton said, 'Wonder where they're going?' Gene Thomas stated, 'Well, I imagine they are going out here to park some place together.'"

As Viola Liuzzo drove away from the red light, the four men followed in their car. At one point, "Gene Thomas reached over and got his revolver out from between the seats and said, 'Get your pistols, cousins,' and I drew my pistol out."

Rowe said he tried to talk Thomas into turning back. Thomas insisted, "Naw, we're gonna take this car tonight." At this time, both autos were doing 85 to 90, to 100 maybe. Really moving, Gene says. "All right, boys, here we go!"

Passing two highway patrol cars that had stopped a Volkswagen bus, Thomas slowed, then sped up. When Rowe argued again for turning back, Thomas replied, "I done told you, Baby Brother, you're in the big time now. We're gonna take that automobile."

Thomas handed his pistol to Wilkins. There was a brief discussion on whether they should force the other car off the road, but Wilkins said, "Bubba, if you hit that automobile at all we may get



DEFENDANT WILKINS  
"That so-and-so is dead."

caught. If you get just a little bit of paint on it we'll get caught."

"I Don't Miss," Thomas gained on Mrs. Liuzzo. "As we got almost even, Wilkins said, 'Give it some gas.' Gene sped up a little bit and put our auto immediately beside the driver. Wilkins put his arm out of the window approximately elbow distance, and just as we got even with the front window, there was the lady driving the automobile and she turned and looked around directly facing the automobile we were in. She looked directly at us. Just as she looked at us, Wilkins fired two shots through the window of the front of the automobile. Gene Thomas says, 'All right men, shoot the hell out of it.' Everybody started shooting. I was on the side by Wilkins and Wilkins said, 'Here put your gun out here,' and I laid my arm outside the window up beside Wilkins."

Rowe testified that he had only pretended to fire his .38-cal. revolver, but "Wilkins and Eaton both emptied their revolvers toward the automobile." As they sped away, Rowe noticed that the Liuzzo car still seemed to be moving along the road. "I said, 'The automobile is following us now. I believe you missed.'" Retorted Wilkins: "Baby Brother, I don't miss. That so-and-so is dead and in hell."

**The Oath.** The remainder of the prosecution's case was short and sharp. FBI men and other witnesses confirmed important details of Rowe's story: the bullet that killed Mrs. Liuzzo, and shell hulls found on the highway, came from a revolver found in Gene Thomas' home; the Klansmen were placed near Selma at the time of the crime through testimony from the trooper who had written the traffic ticket.

The gun was not dusted for fingerprints, said a state attorney, because several people had handled it, and because the handle has ridged plastic grips that do not retain prints.

All this was of course circumstantial: it was upon Gary Rowe's testimony that the prosecution would stand or fall. Defense Attorney Murphy set out to cross-examine Rowe savagely. Murphy asked Rowe if he had taken an oath when he joined the K.K.K. "Such as it was," replied Rowe. Shouted Murphy: "Such as it was! What do you mean by that?"

In ministerial tones, Murphy then recited the Klan oath: "I most solemnly swear that I will forever keep sacredly secret the songs, words and grip . . . regarding which a most rigid secrecy must be maintained . . . I will never yield to bribe, flattery, threats, passion, punishment, persecution, persuasion, nor any other enticements whatever coming from or offered by any person or persons, male or female, for the purpose of obtaining from me a secret or secret information. I will die rather than divulge them, so help me God. Did you swear to that oath?"

A. To the best of my knowledge.

Q. You swore before God on that, didn't you?

A. To the best of my knowledge.

Murphy wheeled and stormed back toward his desk, muttering, "Bastard."

**Pimp?** He tried again: "You considered yourself an undercover man, or pimp?" (Objection sustained.) "You had a burp gun in your car, didn't you?" (Objection sustained.) "Are you a member of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People?" (Objection sustained.) Then

Q. You didn't do anything to prevent the firing of the shots?

A. No, sir. I didn't know the shots were going to be fired until they were fired.

Q. You talked about it for a considerable time down there?

A. We spoke of stopping the automobile. There are various ways of stopping an automobile, I would think.

For the defense, Murphy called only six defense witnesses; Wilkins himself did not take the stand. In 21 minutes, Murphy rested his case.



PROSECUTION WITNESS ROWE  
"She looked directly at us."



ATTORNEY MURPHY & WIZARD SHELTON  
"What were they tryin' to overcome?"

Remember Judas, Murphy clearly was saving himself for his summation—and it was a remarkable exhibition. For more than an hour, he ranted and raved. His statements at times sounded so utterly divorced from reality that some of the jurors cast their eyes down and studied their hands. Judge Thagard slumped deeper and deeper into his brown leather chair as if by doing so he might disappear altogether.

"What kind of man is this Rowe that comes into a fraternal organization by hook or crook?" cried Murphy. "He cares not what he swears to, and let me say this, gentlemen: he took an oath when he joined the United Klans of America. Remember Judas Iscariot! [Rowe] took this oath with his hand

sits up here on this stand and says 'yeah' and 'no' in front of this honorable white judge. . . He said, 'I passed out for 25 or 30 minutes.' What was he doing down there all that time?"

Mrs. Liuzzo, he cried, "was up there singin' 'we will overcome, we will overcome, we will overcome.' What in God's name were they tryin' to overcome? To overcome God himself? And do unto the white people what God said you shall not do because there'll be thorns in your eyes, thorns in your flesh; if you intermarry with a servile race, then you shall be destroyed!"

No Right to Kill. Summing up for the prosecution was Alabama's Assistant Attorney General Joseph Breck Gantt. "I don't want to talk about the

had a right to be here, and she had a right to be here without being killed. This was a cold-blooded, middle-of-the-night killing that you cannot overlook. You've got to face up to it."

The Holdouts. For ten hours the jury faced up to it. Twice they called for answers to technical questions. Finally, the judge sent them off to Montgomery for the night.

Next day the jurors went at it again. They deadlocked, eight for conviction on a manslaughter charge, four for acquittal. They requested dismissal, but the judge asked them to try again. At length Foreman Clifford McMurphy declared an irrevocable deadlock: two still held out against conviction.

One of them, Bookkeeper Billy R.



WILKINS JURY MEMBERS DURING A RECESS  
Ten for conviction, two against.

raised to Almighty God in joining the United Klans of America!

"You know he's a liar and a perjuror, holding himself out to be a white man, and worse than a white nigger!"

White Woman? "And here is another strange thing. This white woman. White woman?" He paused, then asked, "Where is that N.A.A.C.P. card?" He held up an N.A.A.C.P. membership card that was among Mrs. Liuzzo's effects.

"I'm proud of my heritage. I'm proud to be a white man. And I'm proud that I stand upon my feet and I stand for white supremacy. Not black supremacy, not the mixing and mongrelizing of the races, not the biggest onslaughts of the civil rights movement that has invaded your quiet little county, the Martin Luther Kings, the Arthur Spingarns, the white Zionists that run that organization. The Zionists that run that bunch of niggers. And when white people join up to 'em, they become white niggers."

He spoke of Leroy Moton. "The black man has no sense, morals, manners, courtesy, decency or anything when he

Communist Party," he said, "or the Teamsters Union, or the N.A.A.C.P. or segregation or integration or whites or niggers or marches or demonstrations. I want to talk about a murder case that happened in Lowndes County." He argued that no man has the right to kill just because he is enraged at the sight of a white and a Negro sitting together in the same car. Such scenes, he said, are common in Lowndes County, where white people drive home their Negro maids, handymen and cooks. "If that's grounds for murder, blood can flow in Lowndes County."

The Klan, he said, had killed a defenseless woman. "Is that the kind of bravery we fought for? I'd say not." Gantt concluded by invoking the name of Alabama's Governor, who is all but worshipped in Lowndes County—"one of the greatest segregationists, George Corley Wallace. He said this is a cowardly act that should not go unpunished."

Following Gantt was Prosecutor Gamble, who warned against "anarchy," urged that the jurors refuse to "put our stamp of approval on this kind of lawlessness." Said Gamble: "I don't agree with the purpose of this woman. But gentlemen, she was here, and she

Cheatham, explained later: "I didn't accept Rowe's testimony—not when he swore before God and broke his oath." Mechanic Dan Lee, the other holdout, added: "Me and him pretty well are on the same side." Cheatham, a member of the white Citizens Council, was asked if he would like to see Rowe as a defendant with Wilkins. "Very, very much so," he replied. Said Lee, a former member of the white Citizens Council: "I agree."

Said Foreman McMurphy: "It was just different sets of eyes looking at the same evidence." One juror made it plain that the panel was less than impressed with the defense counsel's closing tirade. Said Farmer Edmund Saltee: "I think a great many of us were insulted to a great extent, and he must have thought we were very, very ignorant to be taken in by that act."

Imperial Klonsel Murphy, however, was eminently satisfied. "I'll say to you I did a good job!" he crowed. "I tried the case on my art of cross-examination, but next time a full-scale hearing will be laid on the line. I'll blow that Government case out of the water!"

State attorneys said that Wilkins will stand trial again in September.

■ New York City Attorney Arthur Spongarn, 57, is Jewish, white, and president of the N.A.A.C.P.

## VIET NAM: The Right War at the Right Time

THE Caribbean is closer to U.S. shores than the South China Sea, but despite the nearby uproar in the Dominican Republic, the crucial test of American policy and will is still taking place in Viet Nam.

By and large, U.S. public opinion seems strongly behind Lyndon Johnson's unyielding strategy of bombing the North and stepped-up ground action in the South. At the same time, an insistent—if by no means unanimous—chorus of criticism is heard, particularly on college campuses, from faculty as well as students. "Teach-ins," petitions and picketing get headlines. Most of the critics argue that the U.S. should stop the bombing and get out quickly, giving an odd combination of pragmatic and supposedly ethical reasons.

The pragmatic reasons add up to the notion that the U.S. either cannot win or need not win in order to safeguard its interests. The moral objections are often weakened by the fact that, while the critics condemn the use of force against North Viet Nam, they either condone or ignore it in other situations—such as Sukarno's guerrilla war against Malaysia, Red China's conquest of Tibet or, most important, the Viet Cong's own terror against South Vietnamese peasants.

## Questions of Reality

Herewith a discussion of the six principal arguments.

- *The struggle in Viet Nam is a "civil war" and the U.S. has no right to interfere.* Certainly, there are elements of a civil war present. Many Viet Cong are not hard-line Communists but nationalistic and social revolutionaries whose aims include land reform and reunification. But as elsewhere, the local revolution has been captured by Communism. The Viet Cong have some autonomy, but they are trained, directed and supplied by North Viet Nam. In the Communist rebellions in Greece and Malaya, for example, almost identical arguments were heard: these were called civil wars in which the U.S. was supposedly backing reactionary regimes that lacked popular support and could not win. And yet in both cases, when outside Red help was shut off, the rebellions collapsed. Because the West has lately learned to live with Communist regimes that have been forced to cut back their export of revolution, it is sometimes forgotten that Communism still remains an international aggressive movement, that "infiltration" and "subversion" remain realities, not words to frighten children. No struggle in which Communism is involved is ever truly a civil war.

- *The South Vietnamese people don't care whether they live under Communism or not, as long as they get peace.* Obviously they desperately want peace, and they need more positive hopes than just anti-Communism to keep them going. But after a decade, South Viet Nam's army is still fighting, and sustaining casualties proportionately higher than U.S. casualties in two world wars. This is an amazing fact, recently heightened by the decline in government desertions, and in the increase in new recruitment.

- *The U.S. cannot fight for democracy by backing more or less democratic regimes in Saigon.* A democratic regime is hardly possible in a war-torn country without much democratic tradition. What the critics fail to admit is that even a bad non-Communist regime is usually subject to change, but once a Communist regime is established, it is virtually irreversible. Taking up the argument that the integrity of U.S. democracy at home depends on an end to the war, Columnist Max Lerner, himself a professor, recently replied: "No, it depends on not flinching from the reality principle, on maintaining clear goals without hypocrisy, and in showing that democracy has what it takes for survival against ruthless forces both at home and abroad."

- *North Viet Nam's Ho Chi Minh might turn into the Tito of Asian Communism.* This is possible, but only if Red China changes its nationalist-expansionist direction. Tito's Yugo-

slavia is separated by 200 miles of Carpathian wilderness from Russia, while North Viet Nam has a common frontier with China. Moreover, the Chinese have traditionally pushed south. Ho, whose basic training and sympathies derive from the Soviet Union, is now 75: most of his rising lieutenants are pro-Peking. A Viet Nam united under Communist rule would, for the foreseeable future, remain a Peking satellite. It is absurd to suggest that after winning all of Viet Nam the Communists would then sit back and turn "mellow." Inevitably, they would seek domination of the whole area, and there is no sign that they would be resisted except in Thailand—and even here the Red pressure would be enormous.

- *U.S. escalation in Viet Nam is pushing Red China and Russia together.* Despite some parallel warlike noises from Moscow and Peking, there is little to support this belief. China seeks to control the Communist movement throughout the world, hopes to win that control by showing that "wars of liberation" pay off. Russia, on the other hand, is unwilling to give up the hard-won *détente* with the West, which permits Moscow greater concentration on internal development, in favor of the Chinese hard line. Should Mao prove his point by winning in South Viet Nam, Russia might well be forced into greater militancy.

- *Asia is not of vital importance to the U.S.* After all, so runs this argument, the U.S. is not omnipotent. Walter Lippmann contends that Asia is legitimately the sphere of Chinese influence, just as the Western Hemisphere is America's.<sup>9</sup> That contention is questionable. Since the early 19th century, the U.S. has grown to a major Pacific maritime power; to surrender the Pacific to China now makes no more sense than surrendering it to Imperial Japan would have in 1941. With Southeast Asia gone, the U.S. would rapidly approach a point where it might have no foothold in Asia from Okinawa to Australia. Beyond that, the argument cannot be sustained in the light of modern weaponry: geographic spheres of influence are simply not pertinent in an era of ICBMs. The Chinese themselves pay no attention to the theory, as is shown by their activities in Africa and Latin America.

## Dangers of Inaction

The chief immediate demand of the critics is that the U.S. negotiate. But such an argument leaves out of account the fact that the Communists use negotiations only as a tactic to make further gains—unless they are forced by superior power or self-interest to stick to their bargains. They quickly broke the Geneva Agreement of 1954 and the Laos Agreement of 1962 by refusing to withdraw Communist guerrilla forces. Despite vague talk, no one has advanced even the outlines of an international arrangement that could keep South Viet Nam secure from Communism. Hanoi and Peking show no sign of considering any international agreement except the kind of "neutralization" that would put the Viet Cong in a position to capture power in Saigon.

Obviously, after overcoming his early hesitation, Lyndon Johnson will not allow the U.S. to be pushed out of Viet Nam. For if that were to happen, Americans would only have to make another stand against Asian Communism later, under worse conditions and in less tenable locations. As Demosthenes said about expansionist Macedonia in the 4th century B.C.: "You will be wise to defend yourselves now, but if you let the opportunity pass, you will not be able to act even if you want to." Despite all its excruciating difficulties, the Vietnamese struggle is absolutely inescapable for the U.S. in the mid-60s—and in that sense, it is the right war in the right place at the right time.

<sup>9</sup> Irritated by the Lippmann argument, Pentagon officials made a study of his columns during the Greek crisis of 1947-49 and concluded: "My God, Walter would have given away Greece too!"

# THE HEMISPHERE

## DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

### Two Governments, Face to Face

Resplendent in a freshly pressed uniform, a stocky, scar-faced man wearing brigadier general's rank marched stiffly through the ruined doorway of the Dominican Republic's Congressional Assembly Hall. He was a Dominican national hero, Antonio Imbert Barreras, 44, one of the two surviving assassins of Dictator Rafael Leonidas Trujillo. Honored with a general's commission, he had been living quietly in the background. Now he had come as the anti-Communist head of a new five-man



ARISTY & CAAMAÑO  
A suspicious salute.

loyalist junta, replacing the three soldiers installed by Brigadier General Wessin y Wessin a fortnight ago, hoping to pacify his small Caribbean country torn by one of the bloodiest civil wars in recent Latin American history.

"Citizens," said Imbert, after taking the oath of office, "our capital is in ruins. Our national life is in pieces. Dominicans of all sectors have come forth in order that we can form a government of national reconstruction. We do not desire anything other than the salvation of our fatherland." Imbert's junta was composed of a lawyer, an engineer, an air force colonel from Wessin y Wessin's government; in a gesture to the rebels who had started the revolt in the name of deposed President Juan Bosch, he included a pro-Bosch editor.

Imbert appealed to the rebels holed up in downtown Santo Domingo to surrender their weapons, guaranteed their safe-conduct "without reservations." He called for peace, unity, bound himself

"to cooperate totally" with the Organization of American States, and, with the U.S., struggle to bring at least a semblance of sanity to his battered, forsaken land. He claimed he had control of all 25 Dominican provinces and 90% of the capital district. He asked all public employees to return to work, promised that his government would start paying salaries promptly.

Another Fidel? Thus, late last week, the Dominican Republic got a loyalist government that could assert its right to govern against the claims of the so-called "constitutionalist" government of Rebel Colonel Francisco Caamaño Deñó, 32, the officer who triggered the revolt on April 24. Caamaño's political background is murky. He is quarrelsome, opportunistic, a plotter who, in the words of one U.S. official, "has the potential of becoming another Fidel Castro." His father, Lieut. General Fausto Caamaño, was boss of Trujillo's secret police, took a leading part in the 1937 slaughter of 15,000 Haitian squatters. Young Caamaño joined the navy in 1950, proved so contentious that he was bucked to the marines, next to the police, finally to the army. He helped in the 1963 coup that exiled Bosch, and plotted against his successor.

Caamaño was the man who personally arrested Junta Chief Donald Reid Cabral at the start of the rebellion, and who ordered rebels to shoot U.S. troops if they entered his territory. Early last week he rounded up 15 of 27 senators, 41 of 74 Deputies from Bosch's old Congress, and after a pro-forma poll, announced himself "elected" President to serve the remaining 33 months of Bosch's term. He ridiculed U.S. charges that Communists played a major role in his regime. "There are no Communists in the movement," he said—then gave a clenched-fist salute. And backing him up is his newly appointed "Minister of Government," one Hector Aristy Pereira, an equally shadowy figure who calls himself a businessman, has been playing with Dominican political fire for twelve years and says proudly: "I was the man to look for whenever there was plotting going on."

To hear Caamaño and Aristy tell it, there was scant possibility of conciliation with Tony Imbert's new government. They declared it "completely unacceptable," scorned it as a U.S. tool. In a telephone call to the exiled Bosch in Puerto Rico, Caamaño said that he was girding for an all-out attack momentarily by loyalist forces under U.S. cover. To newsmen, Aristy insisted that the U.S. had "violated" the neutral international zone carved out by U.S. Marines merely by letting Imbert's junta meet in the Congressional Assembly Hall.

**Backs to the Sea.** And so the bitter fight went on. All that prevented resumption of the bloodbath last week

was the presence of 21,000 U.S. Marines and paratroopers, who had cut a line through the heart of Santo Domingo. According to the official military explanation, the line was a "communication route" linking the international refugee zone in the west with the Duarte Bridge leading east to San Isidro airbase 14 miles away. What it really did was pinch Caamaño and his 12,000 armed rebels into a 2-sq.-mi. area with their backs to the sea.

Parts of Santo Domingo behind the U.S. lines began to breathe again. Ex-Junta Chief Donald Reid Cabral met with newsmen in the international zone



IMBERT  
A hero's entry.

to describe how non-Communist officers had spirited him away from a crowd of Reds screaming for his death on the day of the revolution. People began to move in the streets. Shops opened. Off-duty U.S. troops fed C-rations to children while six-wheel U.S. trucks lumbered through the city passing out powdered milk, flour, rice, cooking oil and beans. "I don't like all this," said one Dominican, "but if it weren't for those boys, I might not be around to complain."

In the rebel sector, the smell of rotting flesh and burning rubble still sickened the air. Heavily armed bands of youths roamed the area, yelling "Viva la constitución! Viva Bosch!" "Let the Yankees come and get us," snarled one submachine gun-toting rebel. All through the week snipers continued to flit from house to house, pecking away at U.S. troops hemming them in. One night a rebel motorboat in the Ozama River made life difficult for the 82nd Airborne. "Eventually," explained a la-

conic paratroop captain, "we got tired of that, so we sank it." In other action, the paratroopers blasted another motorboat and set fire to the freighter *Santo Domingo*, which rebels were using as a sniper's nest.

**Hate Chant.** Even after a formal cease-fire was signed by Caamaño, the rebel radio kept up its hate chant: "Shoot the foreign invaders! Shoot the foreign invaders!" The opportunity came too often. Taking a wrong turn at the 30th of March Avenue, two paratroopers in a Jeep blundered into rebel territory, swiftly realized their mistake and pointed their rifle muzzles down as a signal of truce. They were cut down in a flurry of fire. Next day a marine convoy of two Jeeps and a three-quarter-ton truck again drove by accident into rebel territory. Four marines died, one was wounded, two captured. At rebel headquarters, Caamaño

U.S. troops keep peace in Santo Domingo, Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Costa Rica, Panama and Honduras swiftly laid plans to send contingents of men. Other nations would follow their lead.

More than that, the OAS was now talking of sending a team of distinguished Latin Americans to act as trustees in the Dominican Republic's founding political affairs. The team would possibly be composed of three former chiefs of state: Venezuela's Rómulo Betancourt, Costa Rica's José Figueres, Puerto Rico's Muñoz Marín. Their mission: to organize a provisional government and oversee a return to some sort of democratic normalcy in that confused, sorely wounded little Caribbean nation.

**Blunt Warning.** It was a historic decision for the OAS. It came only after a week of spectacular, sometimes des-

its eyes to Castro Communism. In a strictly legalistic sense, the swift U.S. response indeed violated Articles 15 and 17 of the OAS charter, prohibiting military intervention in one state by another. Yet from its very birth the OAS has been nothing if not an instrument for hemispheric peace and security (see box). Moreover, a 1954 resolution adopted at Caracas took the first tentative step toward defining the Communist menace.

All week long, while U.S. Marines and paratroopers squeezed the rebels into a corner of Santo Domingo, the U.S. marshaled its arguments in the face of attacks from every quarter. From Paris, France's Charles de Gaulle, still seeking to carry his vision of *grandeur* to Latin America, condemned the U.S. action, broadly hinted that France might even recognize the rebel "government" in Santo Domingo. At the U.N. in Manhattan, the Cuban and Russian ambassadors treated the delegates to five nonstop days of bilinguette, railing at the U.S.'s "vandal-like aggression" and "hypocritical Messianism." Quietly and acidly, U.S. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson replied to Russia's Nikolai Fedorenko: "And now, perhaps, I may ask a question of Ambassador Fedorenko and his Cuban colleague. How many agents of international Communism are intervening, arms in hand, with the obvious intention of setting up another Castro regime?"

**Couriers & Recruiters.** The answer, of course, was plenty. U.S. intelligence agencies opened their files on 58 of the Communists and Castroites playing a leading role in the fighting. It was an impressive rogues' gallery: Luis Felipe Valentín Giro Alcántara, a Communist fanatic who studied guerrilla warfare in Cuba in 1963; Manuel González González, a Communist, suspected Cuban intelligence agent, and a probable military leader of the revolt; Héctor Florentino Olivares, ardent follower of China's Mao Tse-tung, and a key Communist recruiter for guerrilla activities; Cayetano Rodríguez del Prado, Communist revolutionary and party leader who trained in Cuba, the Soviet bloc and Communist China, joined Cuban intelligence in 1963 to smuggle himself, two others, arms and communications equipment into the Dominican Republic; Miguel Ángel Deschamps Erickson, graduate of Castro's subversive warfare and explosives school, and a courier who carried instructions from Cuba for a 1963 guerrilla operation.

U.S. intelligence flatly reported that ousted President Bosch had been in contact with several Communist leaders from the Dominican Republic shortly before the rebellion. In Santo Domingo, one of Bosch's lieutenants who pulled out of the revolution after the first few days advised a U.S. embassy officer that Reds were rooted deeply in the revolution. Said Colombia's Alfredo Vázquez Carrizosa, one of the five-man OAS investigating team, after four days on



U.S. TROOPS DISTRIBUTING FREE FOOD IN SANTO DOMINGO  
Parts of the city began to breathe again.

and Aristy gloatingly interrogated the marines before U.S. newsmen. Then they let them go. "You see, I am a humanitarian," said Aristy.

The sniper fire kept on. At week's end, a group of snipers popped up in the evacuation base at Haina, twelve miles west of Santo Domingo, and killed a marine warrant officer, while three more paratroopers were wounded in the city proper. By now, the U.S. casualty toll was 13 dead, 72 wounded. Offshore cruised a 32-ship U.S. task force. On board were more U.S. Marines ready and waiting.

### Force for Conciliation

At 2:30 a.m. one day last week, the U.S. finally found some allies in its struggle to prevent chaos and Communism in the Dominican Republic. By a narrow 14-5 vote, barely enough for the required two-thirds majority, the Organization of American States, meeting in Washington, agreed to create the hemisphere's first inter-American military force and send it to help

perate maneuvering in the halls of the Pan American Union, the White House, the United Nations and key Latin American capitals. In seeking Latin America's aid, the U.S. left no doubt about its determination to carry on alone—uncomfortable though that might be. A presidential adviser put it bluntly. "At one point, Hitler was in a Munich beer hall with only seven people. Somewhere along the line we missed taking action. Never again."

The U.S. was accused of blatant imperialism, of cynical intervention in the affairs of a helpless neighbor, of violating every tradition of the OAS. Sitting in his Puerto Rican exile, deposed Dominican President Juan Bosch blamed the U.S. for all the trouble. "This was a democratic revolution smashed by the leading democracy of the world!" he cried. "I belong to a world that has ended politically."

**A Charter Violation.** The Dominican revolution was hardly democratic, and if any world was ending, it was the Latin American world that often closed

the scene: "It is clear now that the world of Communism is no longer separated from this hemisphere by the great oceans. Communism is a clear and frightening presence."

All this and more the U.S. presented in urging Latin America to join in an OAS peace-keeping force. President Johnson sent Old Troubleshooter Averell Harriman winging south on a whirlwind six-day visit to Latin America's pivotal nations. In Caracas, Castroite terrorists machine-gunned the U.S. embassy; in Montevideo, students lobbed fire bombs at U.S. businesses; in Santiago, they stoned the U.S. consulate. Among government officials Harriman found a growing awareness. Chile's Eduardo Frei and Peru's Fernando Belaúnde were still adamantly opposed to any force, U.S. or OAS. Yet Brazil's Castello Branco supported the intervention, and in Buenos Aires one Argentine Foreign Ministry official said wryly: "Nonintervention is an excellent principle, but we are not going to let ourselves get killed defending it."

**Three-Day Debate.** At OAS headquarters in Washington's Pan American Union, the debate raged for three days before the final vote came, and covered all the well-known arguments for sovereignty and nonintervention. "Gentlemen," sighed U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker at one point, "we're losing time while we're talking." At last Costa Rica's eloquent Ambassador Gonzalo Facio took the floor. "From the oratory, it would appear that nonintervention is the only principle concerned. But do not forget the principle of humanitarianism, the principle of democratic representation, the principle of human rights. In the Dominican Republic, even the most elemental institutions have been destroyed. There is no government. The people are threatened with death, hunger and plague. The political groups have no control. We must act collectively to solve this Dominican tragedy."

When the vote on a joint OAS military task force finally came up, Uruguay, Mexico, Chile, Peru and Ecuador were still against; Venezuela abstained. "This force," read the resolution, "will have as its sole purpose that of cooperating in the restoration of normal conditions in the Dominican Republic, in maintaining the security of its inhabitants and the inviolability of their essential rights, and in the establishment of an atmosphere of peace and conciliation which will permit the functioning of democratic institutions."

How many men the Latin Americans can, or will, supply has yet to be decided. The U.S. has announced that it will pull out some of its troops as the Latin soldiers arrive. But from the look of things in the Dominican Republic, it seems likely that the bulk of the peace-keeping force will be U.S. troops, and that they will be patrolling Santo Domingo for quite a while. The figure going around Washington last week was up to two years.

## THE OAS: Trying to Hold the Americas Together

**E**XCEPT in times of crisis, few Americans hear much about the Organization of American States. When trouble comes, it suddenly appears onstage as a set of initials with some ill-defined, but impressive-sounding role in inter-American affairs. In reality, it does not command the power that is expected of it. But as an organ of consultation and a forum of opinion, it is far and away the handiest instrument the U.S. has for dealing with hemisphere problems.

In its 75 years of life, the organization, under various names, has been the key element in the effort to establish a system of Latin American international law. It wrote a declaration of human rights before the U.N. got around to it, organized a regional defense pact two years ahead of NATO, and above all has given high status to the idea of community in the Western Hemisphere.

While the roots of the inter-American system go back to 1826, when Liberator Simón Bolívar called a meeting of eight nations in Panama to write a treaty for common defense and peaceful settlement of disputes among neighbors, the OAS dates its birth to the formation of the International Union of American Republics in 1890. Political familyhood, as Bolívar envisioned it, did not arrive until 1947, when a new generation of defense-minded Americans, meeting in Rio de Janeiro, drew up a treaty for mutual protection against aggression. In 1948 in Bogotá, they agreed on a charter, calling themselves the OAS.

Today, 20 nations belong to the OAS. Through dozens of councils and committees, the OAS plays a major role in coordinating *Alianza* programs; it trains technicians, promotes public health, welfare and education. But its biggest job is political—acting as a peace-keeping mediator. In any dispute, at least one of the parties must request OAS help before it will intervene. Routine squabbles are handled by the permanent Council of OAS Ambassadors which meets twice a month; in serious cases, the Council may summon a meeting of OAS foreign ministers, or simply sit in for the ministers, acting on orders from home. The final OAS decision by two-thirds vote is binding.

In 1955, the OAS headed off a war between Costa Rica and Nicaragua after Nicaragua tried to foment a revolution in its southern neighbor. That same year the OAS prevented a shooting match between Ecuador and Peru over a disputed strip of jungle. Not surprisingly, the Dominican Republic has been a frequent customer: in 1960, when Dic-

tator Rafael Trujillo's goons tried to murder Venezuelan President Rómulo Betancourt, the OAS imposed diplomatic and economic sanctions. Last week's five-man peace team was the 13th OAS delegation to visit the country since 1961.

Where the OAS has often failed is in its attempts to deal with the more subtle, infinitely more dangerous Communist subversions of Fidel Castro. Until last year, the only decisive OAS action was its immediate, unanimous support of the U.S. during the 1962 missile crisis. Then, in November 1963, Venezuela discovered a Castro arms cache on its northern coast, and the OAS finally voted for a break with Castro. At that it took eight months to agree—and Mexico still ignores the ruling.

Last week's decision to summon a military task force to help the U.S. keep order in the Dominican Republic is one indication that Latin Americans are increasingly willing to act on what they know: that Communist subversion is an OAS problem and not merely a figment of U.S. imagination. Even so, the whole question of the OAS's effectiveness is scheduled to be threshed out in Rio later this month at an OAS Inter-American Conference, the system's top policymaking body. That meeting may be postponed until the uproar over the Dominican crisis simmers down. If and when it is held, the OAS's critics will have plenty to talk about.

One of the major problems is the Inter-American Conference itself. Under the OAS charter, it is supposed to meet at least once every five years to reassess policy and lay down broad guidelines. The last time the delegates gathered for any general discussion was at Caracas in 1954. That has left the real business of the OAS—the major policy decisions—in the lap of the foreign ministers, who have been holding one-shot emergency meetings, most often at U.S. urging. Secretary-General José A. Mora, the Uruguayan lawyer who has headed the OAS since 1956, will press for a regular yearly foreign ministers' meeting to examine the hemisphere's economic and political health instead of waiting for an Inter-American Conference once in a blue moon.

Any proposal to strengthen the OAS, and thus weaken national sovereignty, is bound to stir a lively debate. But as Puerto Rico's former Governor Muñoz Marín says: "There are great struggles under way in the world, and I believe we should be in position with proper instruments in the OAS to prevent the Communists from moving in."

# THE WORLD

## EUROPE

### The Anniversary

Twenty years ago, the Third Reich died amid the fiery rubble of conquered Berlin, having pulled into ruins much of the rest of the Continent as well. Today, Western Europe is prosperous and at peace. And yet, as the nations last week commemorated Hitler's *Zusammenbruch*, the very way they went about it proved—for all the gleaming miracles of glass and stone—how widespread are the new divisions that afflict Europe two decades later.

While Paris erupted with fireworks, flowers and music on V-E day, West Germany's Bundestag, not surprisingly, voted down any German notation of the anniversary. "We truly have no occasion to celebrate this day," said Chancellor Ludwig Erhard in a moving speech. "The guilt and fate of this epoch of our history will not leave us for generations." Moscow, however, was determined to rub it in on the West Germans. Premier Aleksei Kosygin flew to East Berlin to join Puppet Walter Ulbricht and Poland's Premier Jozef Cyrankiewicz in a parade of thousands of Russian and East German troops. And Soviet Ambassador to Bonn Andrei Smirnov insolently sent out invitations to a massive reception "to celebrate the victory of the Soviet people in the great patriotic war." Acidly, the Palais Schaumburg said that attendance would show "lack of dignity." So few Germans sent back R.S.V.P.s that Smirnov formally protested the boycott to the German Foreign Ministry.

**Petty Quibbling.** The West Germans had hoped to use last week to emphasize their own democratic achievements and the need for reunification, for they

were celebrating an event of their own—the tenth anniversary of the Paris treaties that restored West German sovereignty. Among their major allies, only Charles de Gaulle failed to send a congratulatory message. Far worse, Bonn failed to get unanimous Western backing for a new initiative on reunifying Germany. Even a routine statement hailing reunification as an admirable goal bogged down in petty quibbling. France insisted on phrases making reunification necessary not only to Germany, "but in the interests of all the peoples of Europe," thus coming too close for U.S. comfort to Gaullist overtures to the Communist satellites to share in his self-sufficient Europe.

It was only the latest disappointment De Gaulle has inflicted on the Germans and his other allies. Just a few weeks earlier, *le grand Charles* had slapped down a proposed Common Market ministerial meeting to discuss further political integration among the Six. Then, in a television address he went further than ever before in expressing his contempt for the goals of European unity and American partnership, to which the Germans especially are idealistically committed. "In sum," intoned De Gaulle, "however large may be the glass offered to us from the outside, we prefer to drink from our own, while touching glasses all around."

**Mood of Angst.** This sort of glass touching has all but shattered for West Germany the high hopes with which it concluded the Franco-German Treaty of Friendship back in 1963. From Common Market cooperation to German hopes for some sort of Atlantic nuclear sharing, De Gaulle has proved increasingly obdurate in insisting on his vision of an independent France running Europe, with West Germany at best a junior partner. As a result, the Germans have fallen into a new mood of *Angst* about their own role in Europe.

De Gaulle has even managed to estrange his most ardent followers in West Germany, including such a strong German "Gaullist" as Bavarian Boss Franz Josef Strauss. Fortnight ago, De Gaulle with great fanfare entertained Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. At the end of the visit, Gromyko professed to be delighted to discover that the French accepted the existence of two Germanys. Though the French mumbled a denial later, the Germans were unconvinced—and an angry Strauss expostulated that "he who today renounces Breslau and Steintin will renounce Leipzig and Magdeburg tomorrow, and quite certainly Berlin the day after tomorrow."

**France Disapproves.** Indeed, De Gaulle has been busy stirring up mischief all over the world. Having opposed U.S. policy in South Viet Nam all along, last week he called a Cabinet meeting to discuss, among other things,



DE GAULLE ON THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES

*Celebrating a single purpose.*

the U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic, and a spokesman disclosed that "France disapproves and wants the withdrawal of troops who have landed in Santo Domingo." He underscored his virtual withdrawal from SEATO by sending only an observer to last week's SEATO conference in London. Running out of targets, he even took a swipe at Britain's commitment to defend Malaysia if Sukarno's Indonesia ever decides to carry out its threat to "crush" the new nation.

As De Gaulle often enough reminds his allies, the West does indeed owe him a debt for putting France back on its political feet again. Even in his insistence on a measure of economic and military autonomy from the U.S. for a united Europe, De Gaulle would have considerable logic on his side if he were not the chief obstacle to unity. But as Lyndon Johnson observed in his own V-E day message to Europe, "There are some efforts today to replace partnership with suspicion, and the drive toward unity with a policy of division."

Though such efforts often seem dismaying, in a way they are the inevitable fruits of American and European success in the last 20 years—a testament to how well the restoration of the European's national identity has succeeded.

## RUSSIA

### The Quiet Men

Seven months ago, Nikita Khrushchev was bounced as boss of the Soviet Union for such character flaws as "phrasemongering." There hasn't been a phrase mongered or a shoe banged within the Kremlin's henna walls since. Where flamboyant Nikita rarely made an unpublicized move, his successors, Leonid Brezhnev and Aleksei Kosygin, go about their business so self-effacingly that days go by without the slightest mention of them in the Soviet press.



KOSYGIN, ULBRICHT & CYRANKIEWICZ  
*Celebrating the Soviet victory.*

Typical was the disclosure that last year's harvest of bread grains was a huge 151.5 million tons compared with 1963's mere 107.5 million. The rustic Khrushchev would have hallyhoed news like that from the golden onion domes. The quiet men of the new regime buried it in a handbook of Soviet statistics that simply appeared—six months later—in Moscow book stores.

But if the style in Moscow is different, the substance largely is not. With less flair but more efficiency and cautious consistency, the new masters of Moscow have continued Khrushchev's interdependent program of coexistence abroad and goulash Communism at home.

**The Dior Look.** Russia's largest domestic problem has always been agriculture. Under Brezhnev and Kosygin, the collective farms have been given price increases; collective farmers have been permitted to add to their private plots, their prices raised as well. Most important of all—if Moscow follows through—is a new five-year plan doubling the amount of investment in agriculture, which at \$9 billion represents a massive shift in resource allocation to what has always been the stepchild of the Soviet economy.

An effort is also being made to satisfy Russia's growing consumer demands both in quantity and quality. Some 400 factories are continuing to experiment with supply and demand and profit guidelines as promulgated by Kharkov Economist Evsei Liberman in an effort to gear the economy away from planning fiat to what buyers want (*TIME* cover, Feb. 12). Moscow has launched a concerted drive to improve Soviet advertising, even sent the female director of a Moscow store to visit the House of Dior in Paris last month with an eye toward more stylish Russian dress designs. The Kremlin is considering a new plan upping automobile output, plans to manufacture some \$8 billion in consumer goods next year, and has increased workers' wages 4.5% this year—v. Khrushchev's average annual boost of some 2.4%.

**F. Scott & Updike.** Even on the ideological and cultural plane the leadership has made concessions to taste and common sense. Jazz, long considered a degenerate Western art form, was recently given a three-day hearing at a symposium sponsored by officials of the Communist Youth organization and the Soviet Composers' Union. Though no firm conclusion as to its merits for Soviet society was reached, Russian jazz buffs were encouraged. Among other things going for them: Kosygin has one of the largest jazz record collections inside Russia. More important, the duumvirate fired Khrushchev's hated chief ideologue Leonid Ilyichev, replaced him with Party Secretary Petr Demichev. Demichev has informed Soviet artists and writers that the party will no longer interfere in matters of style, though it still retains the threat to clamp down

on "non-Socialist content." Today a Socialist abstract painting is not a target of automatic denunciation. Such Western authors as F. Scott Fitzgerald and John Updike are now being published in Russian.

The Krentlin is making at least a partial effort to put its own history in perspective: Stalin, while not fully rehabilitated, is no longer treated as though he did not exist. In fact, his name was cheered last week when Brezhnev mentioned the late dictator in a Moscow speech. Marshal Zhukov, in oblivion for almost eight years since Khrushchev fired him as Defense Minister, also appeared, and was photographed in full military regalia last week. A Soviet law journal published an astonishing article recently, suggesting that the time had come for Soviet

all agree that the burly Brezhnev, as party boss, is *primus inter pares* in a committee government including Kosygin, Podgorny, the ailing Suslov and Mikoyan—in roughly that order.

One Sovietologist points out half in jest to the recent official photo of the Kremlin talking to the cosmonauts on the last Russian space flight. Whereas Nikita would have appeared all alone, beaming into the telephone, some dozen officials were hovering around. Up front, seated at a desk, were the top men: Brezhnev was actually talking to the spacemen; Kosygin had the other telephone on the desk beside him, and Mikoyan, by stretching hard, just barely made the scene.

**Balancing Act.** Many of the experts doubt that Kosygin, a somewhat shy and aloof technician on the fringes of



BOY, THAT KOSYGIN AND BREZHNEV—DULLSVILLE

voters to have not one name but a choice of candidates on their ballots.

**Primus Inter Pares.** Brezhnev and Kosygin have done less well in foreign affairs, in which they are clearly less competent and less interested. Their primary problem, the quarrel with Peking, has hardly been softened, despite a peace-making trip by Kosygin to Red China, and the Kremlin has even less control over Eastern Europe's "satellites" than did Khrushchev in his final years. In a recent speech, Demichev went so far as to explicitly endorse the independence of every Communist state; unlike Khrushchev, the new leaders know how to keep a dignified silence in the face of Peking's catechisms, which has at least kept their family quarrel slightly more private. They are clearly caught in a cruel dilemma as the U.S. escalates the war in Viet Nam, but so far are cautiously trying to continue the *détente* with the West—and have cut the Soviet men under arms to the lowest level in 20 years, the visible military budget by \$555 million.

Widely regarded as a caretaker government, Khrushchev's successors have inevitably been scrutinized with gimlet eyes by Western Kremlinologists for who's on top—or likely to be. Nearly

the party milieu, has the personality—or perhaps the ambition—to take charge alone. But as one observer puts it, "Russia is a dictatorship without a dictator now," and the feeling persists that the team system cannot work indefinitely. The old conflicts between the metal-eaters and the goulash-givers surely remain, and the military is hardly likely to be ecstatic over the shorter shrift it seems to be getting these days. But such power struggles as may be taking place are invisible, so carefully does the Kremlin balance out podium seats, portrait placements, prestige titles and foreign travel among the top Communists.

Except for Brezhnev's universal No. 1 spot, even the huge May Day tempera portraits of Kremlin leaders on display all over Moscow last week were in a rare random sequence, indicating that local committees either were hideously confused or had been told to post them in any order they saw fit. Well aware of the outside world's careful scrutiny, the Kremlin seems determined to give nothing away in what is no doubt a genuine balancing act, for the time being at least, among the quiet men who have followed the ebullient Nikita.

## GREAT BRITAIN

### The Listener

The peers' gallery was packed. So were the press gallery, the visitors' gallery, diplomatic and Commonwealth galleries. The floor of the House of Commons was S.R.O.—as it must be, whenever the 630 Members of Parliament want to assemble, since the House still contains only enough seats to comfortably accommodate its 16th century membership of about 450. Everyone had gathered for the debate on Harold Wilson's White Paper proposing a \$1.5 billion nationalization of the steel industry (TIME, May 7).

True, the curtain-raising speech by Minister of Power Fred Lee, introducing the motion, was a trifle dull,

by a 2% Tory advantage as a result of the steel proposals.

What Wyatt wanted was government control rather than total takeover of steel. Control, he insisted, could be accomplished by government purchase of only 51% of the companies' stock, saving the government millions for welfare projects. What Wyatt had got, in a series of lobby and telephone consultations over the 24 hours before the debate, was a promise from Economics Minister George Brown that the government would agree to consider the idea of partial ownership.

**Big Ben Struck 10.** The climax came minutes before the final vote was to be taken at 10 p.m. Brown rose to reaffirm that the government was in favor of government ownership of steel,

Harold Wilson's apparent turnaround on the subject of total nationalization, however, struck doctrinaire socialists as anything but fair play. Furious at the concession offered Wyatt, three militant Labor left-wingers, Ian Mikardo, Michael Foot and Tom Driberg, called for an urgent party meeting to "get some clarification" on the real intentions of Harold Wilson.

**Legislation Later.** Wilson's intentions, as usual, seemed to be to keep the situation murky in order to get on with the business of running the country. He had, after all, introduced the steel proposals primarily as a sop to those same left-wingers, who already have talked ominously of revolt against Wilson's foreign and defense policies. Now he had simply balanced the sop for the left with a bone for the right.

In any event, it seems unlikely that the steel industry will find out whether or not it is to be nationalized in the lifetime of this Parliament. The great debate and the dramatic vote were not on a formal bill at all, merely an "expression of approval" of the White Paper. Though legislation will be introduced in the next few weeks, it is well in the wake of major bills on finance and housing, and can easily get bogged down in committee. Even if it clears the House this year, it will almost inevitably be delayed for another year by the heavily Tory (382 to 80) House of Lords. Long before then—possibly next fall—Wilson is expected to call another election.

### The Dark Million

"The Englishman is tolerant of everything, including intolerance," says a British sociologist. Only up to a point. Last week Britain's Parliament was cracking down on the intolerance that native Britons practice daily against the swelling nonwhite minorities in their midst. Passed in the House of Commons by a vote of 261 to 249 was the second reading of a bill to outlaw discrimination "on the grounds of color, race, or ethnic or national origins" in hotels, restaurants, pubs, theaters, public housing and other places of public accommodation (though not in employment or private housing). Maximum penalty would be \$280, and a good deal stricter (\$2,800 and two years, or both) for written or verbal "incitement to racial hatred."

"It would be a tragedy of the first order," said Home Secretary Frank Soskice, introducing the bill, "if our country, with its unrivaled tradition of fair play, perfect respect for the rights and dignity of the individual, should see the beginnings of the development of a distinction between first- and second-class citizens." Britons themselves, of course, are among the most class-conscious people in the world, but Soskice was talking about a still more unfortunate class that was not even born in Britain. For the bill was the first formal recognition of the fact that Britain, like the U.S., has a permanent and growing racial



DONNELLY



MARLOWE



WYATT

A sop for the left, a bone for the right.

and the Opposition, led by Iain Macleod, did little more than affirm its determination to denationalize steel if and when it gets into office. But ample suspense was provided by two of Labor's own backbenchers, Right-Wingers Woodrow Wyatt and Desmond Donnelly, who had announced ahead of time that they disagreed with Wilson's plans to nationalize steel, might very well vote against his government and thus endanger his hair-thin majority.

**Classic Understatement.** In the debate, Donnelly argued that nationalization was hardly relevant in a modern industrial society. Wyatt acidly added that the White Paper would turn steel "into a branch of the civil service. It is written as though the last 13 years [since the Tories denationalized steel] had never happened. It has no new ideas, and instead of helping the industry, will actually hinder it." Besides, he added, "there is no urgency to nationalize steel at this moment" in the country. It was one of those classic British understatements. That morning's Gallup poll showed that only 30% favored nationalization, and Labor's 8% lead with the voters had been replaced

declaring: "By the way the owners of the industry have been behaving, nothing short of 100% ownership will do." Then, glancing at Wyatt, he added: "If the industry will come to us, and say that they are prepared for the government to assume control, we will listen to what they have to say."

"Listen?" yelled Wyatt. "Do you mean, if industry will come forward to concede complete control on less than 100% . . . you are prepared to listen? If so, I will vote for White Paper." While Big Ben struck 10, Brown shouted, "Listen" is the key word."

**Totting Up the Ayes.** After that, it was simply a matter of totting up the ayes, who included Wyatt, Donnelly and several sick M.P.s. The whips are by now accustomed to rallying invalids in their beds for crucial votes (Laborite Leslie Spriggs voted from his ambulance in the parliamentary parking lot, but Tory Anthony Marlowe left his ambulance to vote indoors). Labor won by 310 to 306, its basic four-vote margin.\*

\* Shaved, the next day, to three after a Conservative victory in a Birmingham by-election.



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NEGROES IN LONDON  
A highly visible 2%.

problem. "This is a problem we should have tackled years ago," confessed one top government official. "We should have established the machinery to assimilate the immigrants. Instead, we pretended that there was no problem."

**The Loopholes.** There was a time when the occasional Indian or African studying at Oxbridge or importing tea in London was nothing but a pleasant reminder of the many-splendored variety of the British Empire, and the exotic habitude of Hindu and Jamaican dialects was merely a quaint phenomenon of sailors' families settled in remote Welsh seaports like Tiger Bay. Then, when a large number of dark-skinned Asians, Africans and West Indians began flocking to Britain in the early 1950s, the British at first consoled themselves with the thought that these tropical people had only come to earn a nest egg, and would return to buy a trawler in Barbados or a camel in Karachi.

As the influx swelled, and wives and families began to immigrate along with students and bachelors, Parliament passed the 1962 Commonwealth Immigration Act, which for the first time limited the free entry into Britain of Her Majesty's subjects from her outer domains. Even that did not stop it. Aided by loopholes in the law and a high birth rate, the number of nonwhites living in Britain since 1962 has doubled to what is darkly referred to as "the dark million." Nearly half (about 450,000) of them are West Indians, with the remainder about equally divided among Indians, Pakistanis and Africans, and projections are for 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 by the turn of the century. Recently an anxious M.P. discussed in the *Spectator* the likelihood that "we should become a chocolate-colored, Afro-Asian mixed society."

**Union Pressure.** Since the nonwhite Britons exceed 2% of the total, the notion of a "mixed society" may strike

Americans as faintly ridiculous. But in a nation as homogeneous as Britain, that 2% is infinitely more visible than it would be in the U.S., and it arouses, if anything, greater resentment. Restricted in private industry by their background, and by union pressure, to the jobs that white workers refuse, the nonwhites have flocked to the unskilled occupations; they include the dead-hour mill shifts, the state-owned transit systems and nationalized hospitals, which pay some of the lowest salaries in Britain.

England has not one colored policeman, fireman or member of Parliament, and the BBC has only just hired its first Negro reporter; but 40% of the interners, orderlies and nonprofessional workers in Britain's hospitals are colored, 17% of the nurses' aides, and from 20% to 40% of the bus and underground employees in London and Birmingham. On the plus side, West Indian cricket stars have played in English professional leagues, while the fad for American-style (and Negro-based) rock 'n' roll has helped make sultry Shirley Bassey, daughter of an English mother and a Jamaican father, one of the top two or three British women singers.

Problems for "the blacks" are most noticeable in residential neighborhoods. Though their children attend unsegregated schools, they are often last in line for the cities' already desperately overcrowded public housing, harried from private apartments and boarding-houses by "No Colored" signs, and forced to pay rates of up to 10% on mortgages for private houses. The dark million cluster in overcrowded, rundown Victorian neighborhoods in and around London, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield and Bradford, where they sometimes make up 20% or 30% of the population. In London districts marked by proper English names such as Blenheim Crescent or Henry Dickens Court, the air reeks with curry and saris crowd the pavements, while other alleys are lined with Moslem butcher shops, Urdu movie houses, West Indian fish stands and Sikh temples. Behind the seamy house-fronts, brightened, Caribbean-style, with mauve, yellow and blue paint, crowded weekend beer parties set the nights alive with calypso melodies, steel drums, and some nasty fights.

**Info Politics.** White neighbors complain that the "nig-nogs, wogs, wallah-wallahs and coolies" use their milk bottles for chamberpots (and then return the empties), spit in the streets, and boost the crime rate. Many local police disagree. In Manchester, says Deputy Chief Constable William J. Richards, coloreds actually commit fewer offenses in proportion to their numbers than whites, though they are more often related to dope and prostitution, and thus more likely to hit headlines. "As a police problem," says Richards, "they are no more noticeable than the Irish were 25 years ago."

In 1958, when only 200,000 non-

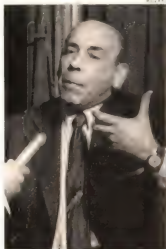
whites were in the country, white ire, helped by a slight rise in unemployment, sparked race riots in Nottingham and London's Notting Hill and Paddington districts. Since then, there have been no major outbreaks, but the underlying resentment remains strong, and both political parties have been understandably wary of antagonizing the white 98% of the electorate. Labor violently opposed the Tories' 1962 Commonwealth Immigration Act, but reversed itself and last winter decided to extend the law. The Tories were only too glad to oppose last week's bill on the ground that "the British people can be led, but they cannot be driven." And, when Conservative Peter Thorneycroft proposed that instead of criminal penalties, far less onerous civil sanctions would be "appropriate," Labor's Soskice quickly indicated that his government would be willing to amend the bill and include them.

## PORTUGAL

### Under the Eucalyptus Trees

Before 1958, Lieut. General Humberto Delgado was an ornament of the regime of Premier António Salazar. He served for five years as a military attaché in Washington, and was Portugal's representative to NATO. But then Delgado made the mistake of campaigning seriously for the presidency in one of Salazar's mock elections. Defeated, Delgado was promptly fired from his job as director of civil aviation, and took refuge in the Brazilian embassy until he got a guarantee of safe conduct to leave the country.

Since then Delgado has lived the shadowy life of a political exile. In 1961, a band of his supporters seized the Portuguese cruise ship *Santa Maria* and steamed off into the South Atlantic while Lisbon fumed. A year later, Delgado slipped back into Portugal in time for an uprising that collapsed with a halfhearted attack on the army bar-



CONSPIRATOR DELGADO  
A postcard from Badajoz.

racks at Beja. When not quarreling with fellow exiles, Delgado spent the following years traveling in North Africa and behind the Iron Curtain trying to drum up support for his Front of National Liberation.

Early this year, Delgado and his attractive Brazilian secretary, Arajar Campos, vanished from his home in Algiers, reportedly to meet with anti-Salazar conspirators in Spain. Except for a few postcards, the last one mailed from the Spanish town of Badajoz on the Portuguese border, Delgado was not heard from again. Last month, two small boys passing through a eucalyptus grove near Badajoz stumbled upon two shallow graves, one containing the corpse of a man whose face and fingers were disfigured. In the other lay the half-naked body of a woman. Both had been murdered by heavy blows on the skull.

Last week, after long brooding over the evidence, a Spanish tribunal identified the dead man as Humberto Delgado. There was no identification as yet of the woman. Precisely how they had been killed, and by whom, would be a matter of endless speculation.

## RHODESIA

### Bust or Black?

Many a Rhodesian went to the polls last week to the tune of a grim little ditty called "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow U.D.I."

U.D.I. stands for "Unilateral Declaration of Independence," a doctrine that Prime Minister Ian Smith threatens to invoke unless Britain grants freedom to his white-supremacist nation, which remains tied to London through a colonial constitution. To prepare for U.D.I., Smith dissolved his Parliament six weeks ago, called on Rhodesia's white voters to give him an overwhelming mandate in the new Assembly, and started propaganda machines pounding home the "real issue" of the election: white independence or black domination.

The fact that his Rhodesian Front's only opposition party was also largely white bothered Smith and his followers not at all. Full-page ads warned of "a black future for all" unless Smith got his way. Posters appeared everywhere to inform voters they could "Trust Mr. Smith—he will never hand over Rhodesia." Jeering at the British demand that Rhodesia's blacks should be given increased voting rights, a Smith backer at one rally shouted, "I've got three dogs; can they vote?"

Under the Smith regime's tight rule, Rhodesia's 4,000,000 blacks represent no measurable danger to its 217,000 ruling whites—as government security officials are quick to admit. Only 11,500 Negroes are allowed to vote, and only approved candidates are allowed to run. The black population is kept divided. More than 1,000 black political leaders are either in jail or in isolation camps.

Britain has warned that it would re-



WINNER SMITH  
Can three dogs vote?

gard U.D.I. as "rebellion," break relations with the outlaw regime and impose an economic boycott, which would throw thousands of whites out of work and send the economy into a tailspin. Opposition Leader David Butler, 37, a wealthy tobacco farmer, was well aware of the consequences. "The Rhodesian way of life would be ruined by U.D.I.," he warned. "It is a way of life that depends on economic prosperity."

But nobody was listening. A Rhodesian government White Paper issued just before the elections scoffed at the prospect of economic depression, threatened to retaliate with economic sanctions against its independent Negro neighbors in Zambia and Malawi. A new warning by British Prime Minister Harold Wilson and a U.N. Security Council resolution condemning U.D.I. only added to Smith's strength, and by the time election day rolled around, there were few white Rhodesians who did not agree with the unofficial motto of the Smith machine: "We would rather go bust than black."

Smith got his mandate. At week's end his party won all 50 white seats in the 65-member Assembly.



## BASUTOLAND

### A Friend for Verwoerd

After 97 years under British rule, Basutoland is due to receive its independence next year. Its position is hardly enviable. A bleak highland waste, inhabited almost entirely by blacks, Basutoland (pop. 900,000) has no industry, few raw materials and only the most rudimentary agriculture. It is totally dependent on South Africa, which completely surrounds it; most of its working-age men can find employment only in South African mines and factories, and the money they send home—roughly \$2,800,000 a year—is its greatest single source of income.

Last week, as Basutoland counted the returns of its first general election, the results reflected both its predicament and its frustration. Winner of a bare two-seat majority in the new National Assembly was the conservative Basutoland National Party, dedicated to close ties with South Africa's apartheid-minded regime. The Nationalists were helped to victory by the South African government, which encouraged them to visit Rand mines for electioneering among the thousands of Basuto laborers who planned to go home to vote. No such campaigning facilities were permitted the Peking-bucked Basutoland Congress Party, a bitter enemy of the government of Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd. Nevertheless, Congress won 25 of the 60 seats in the Assembly and vowed to carry on its campaign to break all relations with South Africa, even if it meant starvation.

## THE CONGO

### Nervous at the Top

"I am a man of action, not a verbose politician," burred Moïse Tshombe. Fairly bursting with pride, Tshombe recalled that when he became Premier last July, "nothing was working and three-fourths of the country was under rebel control." Today, he beamed, "order has returned, and now the elections are terminated. Now let us all together, every Congolese, roll up our sleeves and make the great Congo into a country of happiness and prosperity."

They were the words of a winner— which Tshombe certainly was. With the voting complete at last, his Conaco electoral alliance seemed certain of a landslide majority in the Congo's 166-seat National Assembly. Though many votes were still uncounted, Moïse had swept areas once hostile to him; he scored lopsided victories in provinces recently vacated by the rebels.

The landslide came as a very mixed blessing to President Joseph Kasavubu, who saw in Tshombe a powerful potential rival for his own job as President. During his five-year term, which ends in December, Kasavubu had used his constitutional powers to hire and fire three Premiers, and he seemed to be moving against Moïse. In a radio broadcast,



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YEMENI DRUMMERS AT PEACE TALKS

In carpeted corners of the mosque, at least a beginning.

Kasavubu announced that Tshombe's provisional Government of Public Welfare had served its purpose—and would be dissolved "as soon as the definite election results are known." Kasavubu himself would name a new interim Cabinet, which could presumably cut into Tshombe's strength by ordering new elections in all provinces where the Conaco slate had run unopposed.

Whether Kasavubu could get away with it was a good question, for Tshombe was far more powerful than any of his predecessors had ever been. Minutes after Kasavubu's announcement, Tshombe's tough Interior Minister Godefroid Munongo issued his own communiqué: Tshombe would not allow himself to be fired, intended to stay in office at least until the new National Assembly is seated June 30.

## YEMEN

### Appointment in Khair

The dusty, mud-walled village of Khair would rate no stars in any tourist's guide. It lacks water, hotels and electricity. Yet last week delegates poured into town from all directions, bouncing in trucks or on camels.

They were answering the summons of republican Premier Ahmed Noman to a peace conference that would seek an end of Yemen's bloody 32-month civil war between the republicans, supported by a 48,000-man Egyptian expeditionary force, and the royalist mountain tribes backing the deposed Imam Badr and supplied by Saudi Arabia and Britain.

**Trucked Water.** There were no polished tables neatly set with pads and pencils; they would have been of little use anyway since many of the delegates were illiterate. Instead, subcommittees met in carpeted corners of the village mosque, and full conclaves went on into the night in the main square, renamed "Peace Square" for the occasion and strung with kerosene lamps. As the leaders conferred, other tribesmen beat rhythms on goatskin drums and danced round the campfires with bared, curved-bladed *djambias*.

During the four days of the conference, tank trucks brought water and Coca-Cola to slake the delegates' thirst, and other trucks from the capital city of San'a, 50 miles to the south, brought bully beef to feed them. Premier Noman personally led an eight-mile-long motorcade to Khair, where his aides shed their suits and uniforms for turbans and the traditional flowing robes. It was a delicate gesture toward the pro-royalist tribesmen who consider Western clothes an affront to Islam.

Neither Imam Badr nor any of his ranking chiefs were on hand at Khair, but a handful of pro-royalist sheiks showed up, and they seemed impressed by Premier Noman's dedication to peace. Purposefully vague about such matters as the future of the Imam, Noman returned again and again to the theme that "Yemenis must solve their problems in peace and by themselves, away from outside influences that lead to disunity and conflict."

**Beguiled Brothers.** The conference named a committee of five tribal and four religious leaders who were charged with seeking out the "beguiled brothers"—that is, Imam Badr and his warlike friends in the mountains. Noman's peace effort—which included a private promise to work toward withdrawal of Egyptian troops—got significant backing from Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser who desperately wants to disengage from the civil war without losing face. Radio Cairo hailed the Khair conference as the "dawn of a new era."

The once unyielding republican President Abdullah Salaf, who now must share power with Noman and three other members of a newly created supreme "presidency council," called the talks "a complete success"; even Imam Badr, in his cave headquarters in the northern mountains, broke a long silence to state, "It is essential that the conflict which has devastated our beloved country be brought to an end by peaceful negotiations between the Yemeni people themselves." It marked the first time in many months that the talk in Yemen was of peace, not war.



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## PEOPLE

*'Twas the night of the ball  
We were tight, that was all*

**Cole Porter's** fans never heard that lyric while he was alive. It was just one of those things he wrote for his Broadway musicals and filed away unused because he had another song he liked better. Now, six months after Porter's death at 71, his publisher, Dr. Albert Sirmay of Chappell & Co., has come on a trove of more than 100 Porter pearls stashed away in his Waldorf Towers Manhattan apartment. *Dainty Quaint Me, Dizzy Baby, I Can Do Without Tea in My Teapot* and dozens of others should spark the current Porter boom night and day for years. "There is enough material," beams Sirmay, "for half a dozen scores."

"Foolish!" barked NASA Manned-Flight Director Robert Gilruth. "I think maybe this will not happen again." Growled NASA Director James Webb. "This was not an adequate performance by an astronaut." Gemini Pilots Virgil Grissom, 38, and John Young, 34, were on the carpet for something they did on their recent three-orbit mission. Gilruth and Webb told a congressional committee that the corned-beef-on-rye sandwich Young smuggled into their *Molly Brown* capsule and fed Grissom instead of the scientifically prepared flight diet was strictly unprogrammed. Mincing no words, the administrators decreed that henceforth "corned-beef-sandwich incidents" will cease. O.K. But how about bagels in the lox?

Not since they put up Miss Liberty in the harbor had a woman charmed New York City with so few words. Protectively accompanied by diplomats and her lady in waiting, Denmark's tall (5 ft. 8 in.) **Princess Benedikte**, 21, whirled through a hectic six-day goodwill visit

—her first trip to the U.S. At a ball celebrating Danish Week, she danced a quiet fox trot with her honor guard of four West Point cadets, and looked unflustered when she turned out to be taller than her official escort, Carl Michaelsen, president of the Danish American Society, Inc. Through it all she smoked filter-tip cigarettes, showed off a high-fashion wardrobe that she herself helped to stitch, regally declined to employ her fluent English for public speeches, and set a lovely example of how a world figure can win while being seen instead of heard.

Awards and prizes take up ten lines of his 32-line listing in *Who's Who*, and now Poet, Playwright, Professor, Author, Classicist and Critic **Thornton**



MARTIN & FRIEND  
Harry, not Dolly.

the Truman Library Institute, where scholars study the history he made. But what really turned on his grin was a visit to *Hello, Dolly!* the night before. Stepping in front of the curtain, Leading Lady **Mary Martin**, 51, called out a special "Hello, Harry!" and got the whole audience to join her in singing "Happy Birthday."

The handsome, grey-haired woman from Provo, Utah, stood before a banquet gathering of 1,000 at Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria and explained that youngsters "expect a little discipline" and need to be "held to certain ideals." She has the credentials to back up her comment. In 56 years of marriage, she and her engineer husband have seen their six children become a university president, a company vice president, a top corporation lawyer, a mathematician, a physicist, a housewife, and have themselves become grandparents 26 times over. Obviously such a broad exemplifies "family life at its very best," and so the American Mothers Committee, Inc., picked **Lorena Chipman Fletcher**, 76, from outstanding mothers across the country, proclaimed her 1965's "Mother of the Year."

Wouldn't all the Italian papers and the foreign wire services go for the news that **Sophia Loren** would play the role of Mother Cabrini in a new movie? They sure would—and did, when Carlo Ponti told them so. But last week the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the order that Mother Cabrini founded, showed it was just as adept at deflating phony publicity. "We feel very strongly," wrote **Mother Ursula**, president of Cabrini College, Radnor, Pa., "that Miss Loren is the worst possible choice to portray a holy woman." In the first place, there were "the bigamy charges." And secondly, her protest continued, "Sophia doesn't have the physique. Mother Cabrini was a small, slender woman. Miss Loren," Mother Ursula observed, "is bulky."



WILDER & FAN  
Gaiety, not four-letter words.

**Wilder**, 68, had another line to add: the first \$5,000 National Book Committee prize for literature. No less a fan than Lady Bird Johnson made the presentation at the White House. And she, after refreshing her memory by rereading some of his works, declared him just to her taste. He avoids "a dreary reliance on four-letter words," said the First Lady, and his marching, singing prose makes "the commonplaces of living yield the gaiety, the wonder and the vault of the human adventure."

"This will be a historical day. At 9:00 o'clock this morning, I must make a broadcast to the country announcing the German surrender. Isn't that some birthday present?" So wrote **Harry S. Truman** to his mother on his 61st birthday just 20 years ago. It was his 26th day as President of the United States. Celebrating the anniversary of that day this year at his annual birthday luncheon in Kansas City, Mo., Harry smilingly accepted a million-dollar pledge for



BENEDIKTE & ESCORT  
Seen, not heard.

# THE PRESS

## PRIZES

### Pulitzers in Perspective

Complaining about any choice of prizewinners is a bit like knocking Santa Claus. It also smacks of sour grapes. Still, people continually complain about the 49-year-old Pulitzer Prizes, most prestigious of all of journalism's innumerable awards. Somewhat sadly, newsmen have come to the conclusion that the Pulitzers are not esteemed as much as they should be.

The 1964 winners, announced last week, were deserving but scarcely the vital stuff of last year's news. The Philadelphia Bulletin's J. A. Livingston won the international reporting prize for an economic analysis of the Eastern European satellite nations; the Wall Street Journal's Louis Kohlmeier received the national reporting award for being the first of many to account for President Johnson's personal fortune; Melvin Ruder, publisher-editor of the Hungry Horse News in Columbia Falls, Mont., won the local reporting award for covering raging floods in the Northwest.

**Overzealous Scrappbooks.** Why are the Pulitzers often a disappointment? For one thing, the prize juries rarely search out good reporting; they sit back instead and examine the flood of entries that comes in: elaborately produced scrappbooks that often weigh as much as 40 pounds and unabashedly play up the skills of some intrepid reporter. Asked how he planned to spend his Prize money, 1956 Cartoon Winner Robert York replied: "I think I'll use it to pay for all the scrappbooks I have submitted year after year. It will come out about even."

The Pulitzer juries are large and unwieldy. There is a 36-man group of editors (about four jurors per category) which meets to hammer out the original choices; a 14-man advisory board passes on these choices; and final say rests with the trustees of Columbia University. In 1962, the trustees overruled an award to a biography of Hearst; in 1963, the advisory board turned down a prize for Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* This year no editorial cartoonist was deemed worthy of a prize, and no award was made for music because the advisory board nixed the selection of Jazz Musician Duke Ellington.

**Money Excluded.** Critics also say that the Pulitzer Prizes have not kept pace with the rapid growth of journalism. Much news coverage is automatically excluded. Television and radio news and news magazines are awarded prizes of their own, but they do not qualify for a Pulitzer; neither does the reporting, some of it incomparable, of the small-circulation magazines. Undoubtedly it takes skill to cover floods in the Northwest, but they seem out of the mainstream of American journalism. So do the Pulitzers.

## NEWSPAPERS

### Super Pan

Hollywood movies are all too often sitting ducks for sharpshooting critics, and one who delights in picking them off is the New York Herald Tribune's Judith Crist. The movie companies ought to be used to such sporadic bursts of fire by now, but once more they are indulging in their favorite (form of retaliation: they are lifting their advertising from the offending newspaper. Since the turn of the year, movie ad-



CRIST SPEAKING TO PUBLICISTS:  
Hollywood is a dirty word.

vertising in the Trib has dropped by more than 20%.

A veteran of 20 years as a Trib reporter, Mrs. Crist (rhymes with hissed) began her career as a film critic two years ago. In an early review, she blasted a much ballyhooed movie, *Spencer's Mountain*, then showing at New York's largest movie house, Radio City Music Hall. The movie's producer, Warner Bros., promptly canceled all advertising in the Trib, while the Music Hall reduced its lineage. The Trib answered with an editorial denouncing the "inane" pressure tactics. "A newspaper whose comments and critiques can be controlled by advertisers," said the Trib, "cheats its readers and ceases to be an honest newspaper."

**Mucked Down, Padded Out.** Mrs. Crist is not only honest; she is blunt. She wrote of *Where Love Has Gone*: "A trashy dose of sex-and-soap being palmed off on us on the premise that we go to the movies to see smutted-up, padded-out, mucked-down television serials in Technicolor and Techniscope." Of Anne Bancroft's performance in *The Pumpkin Eater*, she said: "She seems a cowlike creature with no aspirations or intellect above her pelvis."

Nodding at left: Previous Speaker Sinatra

*Cleopatra* was "at best a major disappointment, at worst an extravagant exercise in tedium. The mountain of notoriety has produced a mouse."

Along the way, Mrs. Crist has also become a feature attraction on NBC-TV's *Today* show, where, she says, "My criticism comes across more strongly than in print." Last March, she managed to pan three super-spectaculars in one brief appearance: *The Greatest Story Ever Told* ("A kind of dime-store holy picture"), *Lord Jim* ("A lot of heavy five-cent philosophy"), and *The Sound of Music* (she found the children "strictly loathsome").

That was probably the most savage criticism *The Sound of Music*, a generally sunny film starring Julie Andrews, drew from anyone. Mrs. Crist acknowledged the ensuing uproar: "You can be against God; you can be against Conrad; but brother, if you're against *The Sound of Music*, you're the lowest of the low. If I had beaten my mother to a pulp, strangled my small child, and slit the throat of my little puppy dog, I wouldn't have seemed so odious."

**Acerbic Speech.** Naturally, Hollywood was anxious to see the Eastern Medusa, and the Hollywood Publicists' Guild invited Mrs. Crist to address a luncheon in Beverly Hills last month. If there was an outstretched hand, she not only dislaid it, she bit it. Following Frank Sinatra's light and witty talk on his life and loves ("Must have had six gag writers," mused Crist), she plunged into an acerbic speech: "Back where I come from, Hollywood is a dirty word." Said an aggrieved 20th Century-Fox publicist: "She is a snide, supercilious, sour bitch. The thing she would hate most would be to be ignored." Said another: "If you want to attract attention, that's the way to do it. She's more Hollywood than Hollywood." Crist was unmoved: "The film companies think they are catering to a twelve-year-old mentality. I happen to think the American people are as smart as I am."

### Off the Barricades

Gone are the days when the U.S. labor press typically billed *The Class Struggle* as an "irrepressible conflict between the toilers and the parasites." Today's labor press has climbed off the barricades, calmed down and grown up. In shifting from diatribe to dialogue, it has locked out such epithets as scab, fink and goon; it treats the bosses almost as respectfully as the workers. Amateur polemicists have been mostly replaced with professional journalists; the trend is from bombastic pamphlets to smoothly written, fact-filled newspapers that reflect a labor movement no longer on the defensive.

U.S. unions now put out more than 1,000 publications, ranging from slick magazines to mimeographed monthlies, which reach 20 million readers as fringe benefits bought with union dues. The better papers—the *Machinist*, the *Hat Worker*, *Electrical Union World*, the

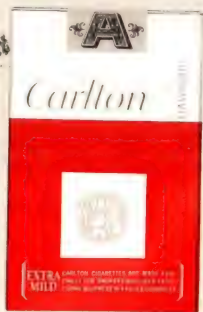
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autoworkers' UAW Solidarity, the ladies' garment workers' Justice, the clothing workers' Advance—carry lengthy analyses of legislation before Congress and think pieces on such topics as automation and narcotics. They are almost all unabashedly Democratic in their politics, and they tend to embark simultaneously on the same liberal campaigns: to abolish right-to-work laws, for instance, or to ban lie-detector tests from employment procedure. But the labor press no longer paints issues entirely in black and white, says Gordon Cole, editor of the Machinist (circ. 868,000) who once worked for the Wall Street Journal. "Now they present a lot more grey. In fact, people don't believe you, if your articles aren't grey."

**Crackdown on Corruption.** Union papers now try to appeal to the whole family by running "ladies' sections." They carry regular columns on cooking, dressmaking, hobbies, social security and travel; the papers of affluent unions run notices for charter flights abroad. As for consumer advice, few commercial papers carry shrewder columnists than Sidney Margolius, whose syndicated pieces tell union members how to spend their union wages. "My wife reads the paper from cover to cover," says a Manhattan machinist. "She's more of a regular reader than I am."

Few of the papers carry ads, and the International Labor Press Association keeps a close watch on those that do—particularly those that may succumb to an old labor press racket of shaking down businessmen for hefty contributions in the form of phony ads. As one safeguard, the I.L.P.A. demands that ads be confined to goods and services within reach of the papers' readers. Over the last decade the I.L.P.A. has expelled 16 papers for improper advertising: a jewelers' union paper, for

example, which ran ads for yachts and steamship boilers. It has also effectively ended another racket in which a bogus labor editor solicits ads from businessmen too scared to protest, then pockets the cash.

**No Bad News.** Some readers complain that labor papers are still too pro-labor. "Everything is 100% progress," says one union member. "They never talk about losing a fight." While the papers print their share of bad world news, they run scarcely any bad union news. A union victory in a National Labor Relations Board election rates banner headlines; news of a defeat is buried in the back pages.

Union members, to be sure, no longer get the old spark from their once fiery papers, nor do they read them as fervently as they did in the past. "It was never a problem to dramatize a picket line," explains Justice Editor Leon Stein, "but how do you dramatize a tax cut?" On the other hand, union members now read their papers for much the same reasons that other people read the commercial press: for information and for entertainment. "In the '20s and '30s," recalls a Manhattan ladies' garment worker, "there were just two classes of society. It's a different world today, and Justice is also different. We're all better for the change."

## REPORTERS

### Shot in the Dark

Melvin Steakley, 37, religion editor of the Houston Chronicle, had spent a long night making up Saturday morning's church news section. At 11:30 p.m., with a jaunty farewell, he left the Chronicle offices; sometime later, he climbed in his Volkswagen parked nearby and depressed the clutch pedal as he got ready to start the car. There was a

muffled report. Steakley staggered out, cried for help and collapsed on the sidewalk. He died before help came.

A .32-cal. pistol had been taped to the steering column of the Volkswagen, aiming upwards. A thin wire had connected the trigger with the clutch pedal, and when Steakley's foot touched the pedal, the pistol fired; a bullet tore through his chest and lodged in his neck. "It looks like there's a real kook on the loose," a detective said after a witness reported that he had seen a "dark young man with very white teeth" in Steakley's car. Police and public speculated that some fanatic had taken offense at a recent Steakley story on the battle over integrating Houston's big First Baptist Church.

Later police had second thoughts. They found a strand of hair on the tape holding the pistol to the steering column, and the hair turned out to be Steakley's. They also discovered small bits of red shavings on the tape, which seemed to correspond to shavings on a penknife in Steakley's pocket—a knife that Steakley was accustomed to using for sharpening a red grease pencil. Then, when police learned that Steakley was in debt on his \$132.50-a-week salary, they began to wonder if his death might not have been suicide, arranged to look like murder so that his life insurance would be valid.

Trouble was, Steakley did not seem to be very despondent, least of all to his wife Elizabeth and their five children. "I never saw him more happy than the night before he was killed," Elizabeth told police. "It must have been the work of a religious fanatic, or maybe it was a case of mistaken identity."

At week's end, police were still trying to figure out whether Steakley had died by his own hand or somebody else's. Meanwhile, other Houston reporters were taking no chances. They carefully inspected their own cars before driving them anywhere.



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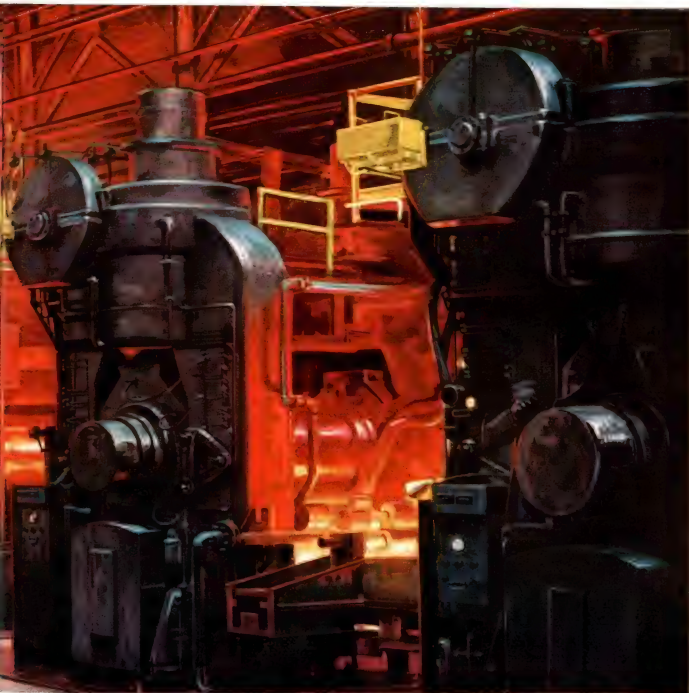
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# **New in 'Jeep' Wagoneer: V-8 'Vigilante' powerhouse & famous Turbo Hydra-Matic**



## **Teamed up with 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive.**

The 'Jeep' Wagoneer now offers a new combination of options—that gives you a blend of power and traction and smooth, easy driving you won't find in any other wagon!

That big new 250 hp V-8 'Vigilante' gives you new "zip" on the highway... plus lots of reserve power in 4-wheel drive.

And with famous Turbo Hydra-Matic automatic transmission you get quicker, quieter, more responsive shifting... you

can't beat it for smoothness.

But that's just part of it! You can also get new power steering... so gentle, a woman can park this Wagoneer with one finger!

And to make 4-wheel drive even more effective with automatic transmission, we've added a low range to the transfer case... so you can now handle even tougher, more treacherous driving situations. On the road... off the road—it han-

dles just about anything nature puts in its way... hills, snow, mud, even deep sand.

In short, this Wagoneer offers everything you want in a smart wagon: a husky V-8, Turbo Hydra-Matic® automatic transmission. Great power steering, power brakes. Lots of load space. Plus... the big extra of 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive! See your 'Jeep' dealer and test drive the 'Jeep' Wagoneer... one of the "Unstoppables!"

**KAISER JEEP CORPORATION**  
TOLEDO 1, OHIO

## MODERN LIVING

### HOBBIES

#### The Presto Picture

Ever since amateur photographers began to turn their backs on the Brownie, U.S. and foreign camera makers have concentrated on ever more gadgetry. But all too often the array of index numbers, knobs, dials and levers simply befuddled the Sunday photographer, and that telephoto shot of Versailles developed into a study in black. The industry's answer: sophisticated but care-free cameras that require little more than clicking the shutter. At the International Photographic Exposition in New York last week, every company from Agfa-Gevaert to Zeiss-Ikon was showing off automated midgets.

**Instant Loading.** The marks of the new, simplified camera are easy-loading, built-in automated accessories and price tags around \$60. In the past, fingers fumbled to thread film along sprockets and through take-up spools. To remedy the situation, Kodak two years ago brought out its line of Instamatic cameras that featured instant-loading Kodapak cartridges in a new size, slightly smaller than the traditional 35 mm. Slip the cartridge into the camera and presto—you are ready to shoot. Not to be outdone, West Germany's Agfa came up with Rapid cartridges, which use the regular 35-mm., but thread automatically into a receiving cassette, require no rewinding when the roll is exposed. Other domestic and foreign firms immediately began to adapt their cameras to one of the two systems, so that 46 instant-loading cameras are now on the market.

Taking the picture itself is all but fool-proof. Upon being loaded, both the Kodapak and Rapid cassettes automatically adjust the camera for the speed/rate of the film being used. From there, optimum combination of shutter speed and lens opening for the amount of light. If there is not enough light, pointers pop into the view finder to tell the photographer to keep his shutter closed. Instead of bulky flash attachments, most of the new automated cameras have miniature, built-in flash units that disappear when not in use.

Polaroid, the leader in the move toward automation, is also making a bid for the under-\$50 market that now accounts for three of every four cameras sold. Because of their built-in dark-rooms, the instant-image Polaroid cameras were originally \$100-plus luxury items. But as of April, a \$60 unit was introduced, and by July Polaroid will put a \$20 model on the market.

**Fail-Safe.** Movie cameras have also come in for a much-needed overhaul. In the last six years, the sale of 8-mm. movie cameras has dropped more than 60%, and the 16-mm. cameras have all but faded from the picture alto-

gether. One reason was that the cameras and projectors were simply too difficult to operate. As a result, the general run of home movies were bombs. Explained a Kodak survey in 1963: "Home movies create a situation in which one can fail. No man likes to appear a failure to his wife or children."

To make movies more fail-safe, Kodak, Bell & Howell and other leading manufacturers have turned out movie cameras almost as easy to operate as the stills. All but the cheapest models come with built-in light meters that set exposures automatically and zoom lenses that stay in focus at any distance. Best of all, Kodak has now come up with an improved 8-mm. film, which it has dubbed Super 8. By reducing the size of the sprocket holes along the edges of the film, it has increased the image area by almost 50%, allowing for brighter, sharper and better movies. (The Super 8 film will benefit movie-camera manufacturers as much as users; because it fits neither old 8-mm. cameras nor projectors, backyard directors will have to buy new equipment.) Even the projectors have improved; some now thread themselves.

**Pushbutton Parade.** For imperially priced foreign cameras such as Leica, Nikon and Rolleilux, the trend toward simplicity offers no threat at all. The dedicated gadgeteer at home and abroad is still convinced that instant photographs mean instant mediocrity. Among the most spectacular new gadgets: an \$895 radio transmitter unit that allows a Leica owner to trip his shutter four miles away from his cam-

era, and a new \$800 zoom lens for the Nikon that telephotos from zero to a six-times magnification. In all, the Nikon boasts 25 lenses, costing \$7,950 (the camera itself costs only \$323).

But other foreign camera manufacturers have been hit hard by the new automatons. Of the 8,000,000 Instamatrics sold in the past two years, half were bought overseas. In self-defense, both Germany and Japan have joined the pushbutton parade. About 14 Japanese firms are negotiating with Kodak to make both the Instamatic and the Super 8. In West Germany, the Rapid cassette cameras caught on fast, and sales in the \$7-to-\$37 bracket have jumped 64% in the past year.

With all this new drive toward automation, the camera industry's next target is the subject matter itself. In recent years, Kodak has been planting signs marking the best photo vantage points around U.S. tourist spots. People line up behind such signs, waiting their turn to take identical photographs. Such programmed behavior may not smack of Yankee enterprise, but it does have one advantage—if fellow tourists accidentally swap Instamatrics, it will not make much difference.

\$60 POLAROID



KODAK'S INSTAMATIC & CARTRIDGE



AGFA'S RAPID & CASSETTES



NIKON & ACCESSORIES



BELL & HOWELL'S SUPER 8

No fumbling, no thinking, no worry—and cheaper too.



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**FASHION**

**The Wet Look**

Some people say it looks like porcelain and feels like the skin you love to touch. Others think it looks more like something peeled off the kitchen table. It makes raincoats seem wet before they are out of the closet and slacks look as though their wearer had just stepped out of a rocket ship. It is the latest gift from the U.S. to the haute couture. It's vinyl.

From Park Avenue to Pensacola, girls are wrapping themselves in the oilcloth look. The fashion house of Originala adopted it for a \$200 trench coat, and fashion firms in the \$30 to



**VINYL SUIT**  
*It raises the eye.*

\$75 range are now coming in strong on the vinyl boom.

The expanded-vinyl cloth was developed in the U.S. in the Fort Edward, N.Y., plant of Cohn-Hall-Marx Co. three years ago and nobody much in the U.S. cared. When a Cohn-Hall-Marx representative showed it around Paris though, big-name houses like Courrèges, Dior, and V de V saw big new possibilities in this soft, slick stuff that draped so gracefully and was so easily printed with clear color and bold design. Now some of the big Paris houses are backing away a bit from what bids fair to be an all-out fad, but U.S. manufacturers are bringing it out in all kinds of new colors and patterns—tiger, pigskin, and the ubiquitous Op.

"Smartest-looking stuff in the world," said Vogue Editor Diana Vreeland. "It improves the look of a girl's skin, raises the eye high." Since it is as impermeable as rubber, it can raise the temperature rather high too, and during the coming months the wet look may spread from many a girl's coat to her countenance.



## Chicago cheers the gallery

The first gallery cars, a Budd development, were introduced on the Burlington Railroad in 1950. Since that time, The Milwaukee Road and the Rock Island Lines have also added Budd-built stainless steel gallery fleets to their commuter lines serving the Chicago area. These two-level coaches provide greatly expanded capacity by comfortably seating up to 162 passengers in each car. Stainless steel construction eliminates the need for

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Gallery coaches are among the many Budd developments helping to solve the nation's transportation problem. In improving the comfort, economy, and safety of rail transit, Budd makes use of railway know-how unmatched anywhere in the world. The Budd Company, Philadelphia, Pa. 19115.

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## THE LAW

### DECISIONS

#### When Judges Disagree

If four judges read the same record, the odds are that two of them will conclude exactly the opposite of what the other two conclude. Or so it seems from the endless case of Dr. Sam Sheppard, the Ohio osteopath who was convicted ten years ago for the bludgeon-murder of his wife.

Having lost in the Ohio Supreme Court, Life Prisoner Sheppard turned to the federal courts, and last year his trial record came before U.S. District Judge Carl A. Weinman. Ruling only on the question of fair trial rather than guilt or innocence, Judge Weinman concluded last July that "inflammatory" reporting by Cleveland newspapers so prejudiced Sheppard's jurors that it made his trial "a mockery of justice." Weinman's opinion, which freed Sheppard, became a milestone in the unfolding U.S. furor over the evils of "trial by newspaper."

Last week, by a vote of 2 to 1, the U.S. Court of Appeals in Cincinnati reversed Weinman's opinion. To dissenting Judge George Edwards, a former Detroit police commissioner, the record showed a "flagrant" denial of Sheppard's constitutional rights. But to Judges Clifford O'Sullivan and Harry Phillips that was pure assumption. While praising Weinman's "commendable concern," they concluded that Cleveland's admittedly "shabby" reporting was still not enough to prejudice Sheppard's jurors. Moreover, they went on to virtually sweep aside the entire bar position on the effects of prejudicial reporting. Said they: "Our jury system cannot survive if it is now proper to presume that jurors, selected with the care taken in this case, are without the intelligence, courage and integrity necessary to their obedience to the law's command that they ignore the kind of publicity here involved."

Despite the reversal, Sheppard may stay out of prison for some time. His lawyer has asked for a rehearing, may seek review by the U.S. Supreme Court, and hopes ultimately for an entirely new trial. Many another judge will doubtless get a crack at Sheppard's puzzling record.

#### Values in Oklahoma

Can a price be put on chastity? Yes, said a Tulsa jury. Mrs. Lavonda Hardesty was understandably incensed when her husband sued to annul their two-week-old marriage because he was not legally free from a previous marriage. Lavonda, 18, then sued her ex-husband for loss of chastity on which she put a price tag of \$40,000. Last week the jury (nine women, three men) cut the price but went on to vote \$500 in punitive damages and \$2,000 in actual damages.

### THE SUPREME COURT

#### Limits on Travel

Louis Zemel, a Connecticut ski-resort operator, wanted to go to Cuba in 1962 "to make me a better-informed citizen." The State Department refused to put the necessary endorsement on his passport. Last week, in a decision that surprised many libertarians, the Supreme Court sided with the State Department.

In 1958, the court declared for the first time that travel is "part of the 'liberty' of which the citizen cannot be



THE ROCKWELL KENTS IN MOSCOW (1960)  
A broader brush for Castro.

deprived without the due process of law of the Fifth Amendment." According to that decision (*Kent v. Dulles*), the State Department exceeded its powers when it denied a passport to Artist Rockwell Kent because of his allegedly Communist beliefs. Last year the court voided an act of Congress denying passports to all U.S. Communists (*Aptheker v. Secretary of State*). In short, travel cannot be restricted for mere belief or association.

**Implicit Approval.** In appealing for a declaratory judgment, Zemel argued that the Cuban travel ban, laid down by the State Department in 1961 violates both *Kent's* due-process requirement and the First Amendment right of free speech. Equally basic, argued Zemel, the Constitution (Article I) gives Congress sole authority to make laws. The 1926 Passport Act vaguely empowered the State Department to grant passports "under such rules as the President shall designate." But Congress has not specifically empowered the President to

impose area restrictions in peacetime. Otherwise, said Zemel, the statute is an unconstitutional delegation of Congress' lawmaking powers.

Speaking for a six-man court majority, Chief Justice Warren ruled that the Cuban ban does not contradict *Kent*, because it applies to all citizens and does not penalize individual beliefs. As for the free-speech argument, he said, "the right to speak and publish does not carry with it the unrestrained right to gather information." But what about delegation of powers? Acting under the 1926 law, said Warren, the State Department restricted travel to Ethiopia, Spain and China in the 1930s, and later to many Iron Curtain countries. By not acting, said Warren, Congress implicitly approved such administrative rules.

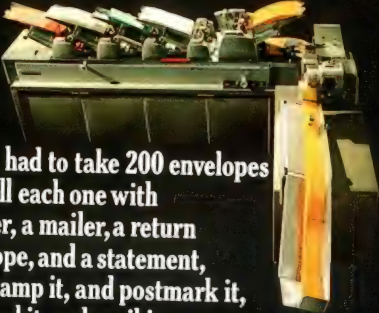
**Foreign Leeway.** *Zemel v. Rusk* produced three sharp dissenters (all in the *Aptheker* majority). Justice William O. Douglas insisted that Americans should be allowed to visit Communist countries in order to understand them. The First Amendment, he said, "presupposes a mature people, not afraid of ideas." Justice Arthur Goldberg argued that Congress in 1926 merely tried to "centralize the issuance of passports," which were once wildly dispensed by U.S. mayors and even notaries. Justice Hugo Black called the 1926 law unconstitutional. Only Congress can make laws "restricting the liberty of our people," said Black.

Warren ruled nonetheless that in granting presidential power in "explosive" foreign relations, "Congress must of necessity point with a brush broader than it customarily wields in domestic areas." The stage is now set for a problem the court left open: Government prosecution of 150 U.S. students who illegally visited Cuba in 1963 and 1964. If convicted, they may face five years' imprisonment and \$5,000 fines.

### ADMINISTRATIVE LAW

#### Yes, We Want No Bananas

The ad clearly offered the car for "1,395 bananas." Mrs. Bernice Wyszynski, who figures she can read as well as anyone else, immediately rushed to Used Car Dealer Joseph De Gonge in Bristol, Conn., and plunked down 25 bananas as down payment. Aghast, De Gonge demurred. Incensed, Mrs. Wyszynski appealed to the Connecticut State Department of Consumer Protection. There followed grave official words about such matters as false advertising. Last week De Gonge compromised and accepted Mrs. Wyszynski's offer—not for the banana car, but for a 1962 Pontiac Tempest that otherwise would have cost her \$850. Not surprisingly, the United Fruit Co. got into the act by supplying Mrs. Wyszynski with 1,370 free bananas (value: \$60) to complete the deal. De Gonge sent the whole shipment to a hospital for crippled children. As for the down payment, his hungry salesmen ate it.



**If you had to take 200 envelopes  
and fill each one with  
a letter, a mailer, a return  
envelope, and a statement,  
and stamp it, and postmark it,  
and seal it, and mail it,  
you could give it all to this machine  
and sit back and have a quiet cup of coffee.**

Flip-Flip-Flip-Flip. To see the Pitney-Bowes 3444 in full cry is nothing short of flipping marvelous. This machine can swallow as much mail in an hour as a regiment of envelope stuffers. And because it isn't human it can't make human mistakes. No one gets two bills, no return envelope or any of that nonsense.

Who uses the PB 3444? Big outfits, mainly. Department stores, mail order houses, people like that, who can't afford to waste staff on tedious chores.

What do small ones do? They use just a

bit of this machine. Because all it really consists of is a lot of ingenious Pitney-Bowes office machinery neatly brought together. It's a counting machine, an inserter, a stacking device, and of course, a postage meter.

If you'd like to know more about any of these devices, or any of the other things Pitney-Bowes makes, don't hesitate to write us at 1253 Crosby Street, Stamford, Conn. 06904, and we'll send you a whole heap of fascinating literature. It's no strain for us. With this machine we can do it between sips of coffee.



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(1) 260 Goodyear V-belts help produce made-to-order weather at Houston's new domed stadium. The first air-conditioned stadium doesn't depend on the weather. It depends on 71 air-handling units and 19 exhaust units driven

by slim, powerful HY-T® belts. Because three of these belts. And because smaller shaft, for longer bearing life,



(2) Rough ride for 1,620 TV tubes, but inflatable dunnage prevents breakage. **SUPERCUSHION®** Dunnage Bags sharply reduced company's breakage losses—despite shock of freight car coupling, stops and starts. They're easy to put in place and remove. Save one hour's labor per car.



(3) Rubber railroad crossing cuts lift truck maintenance costs—8 years in a row. Traffic's heavy at this New Jersey chemical plant. So are loads—up to 5 tons. Previously used wood planks had to be replaced yearly. The G.T.M.'s shock-absorbent crossings saved damage to trucks and loads, speeded traffic, increased safety. Work like new after 8 years.

## There are 30,000 ways to cut costs...with Goodyear rubber engineering

(Here are 3. There are 29,997 more.)

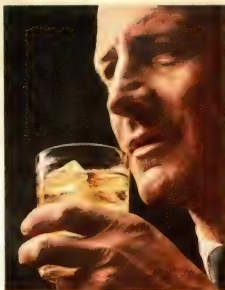
We've engineered rubber products to meet 30,000 different specifications. And they all have one thing in common . . . they help cut costs. Reason?

They're engineered to perform better . . . last longer . . . replace costlier materials you may now be using. Only Goodyear, world's largest supplier of industrial rubber products, has so many ways to lower your costs.

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maintenance costs.



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any other imported whisky  
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Does that surprise you?



Could be they know something you don't know!  
One sip of Seagram's V.O. will tell you that it does what  
no other whisky can. It defines smooth once and  
for all. Light? Of course. Have you an inquiring mind  
and a taste for good whisky? Investigate.

Known by the company it keeps.

Seagram's  
Canadian **Vo**

## EDUCATION

### COLLEGES

#### How to Buy a Campus

*Far above Cayuga's waters  
There's a place known well.  
'Tis our noble alma mater  
Higher than Cornell.*

A college in Ithaca, N.Y., that looks down on Ivy League Cornell? As recently as five years ago the notion would have been considered absurd. Yet today the 2,200 students of Ithaca College sing that song with considerable spirit—and unquestionable altimetric accuracy. After 73 years as mainly a coed music and physical-education school housed in a seedy assortment of Victorian buildings in downtown Ithaca, the college now occupies 250 windswept acres atop South Hill, where the clean hold lines of its new \$30 million, 23-building complex do, indeed, soar high above Cornell.

Ithaca's march up the hill has been remarkably rapid, but its real rarity lies in the fact that the private school's fiscally conservative businessman board has leaned on government, federal and state, every step of the way. With no endowment, no dependable support from foundations or industry and only 4,000 alumni (most of them unaffluent teachers), Ithaca nevertheless managed to raise \$30 million in five years—all but \$250,000 of it through Government loans and Government-floated bonds.

"A Good Product." The college's decision to explore every governmental source of money was taken at the urging of its horseback-riding president, Howard Irving Dillingham, 60. A Syracuse Ph.D. in education, Dillingham, although a Quaker, was headmaster of Georgia's Riverside Military Academy ("Though Quakers are pacifistic, I am

not") when Ithaca summoned him back to New York in 1951, made him president in 1957. When he arrived, Ithaca had no accreditation and many of its students were Cornell flunk-outs who, insists one businessman, stuck around town "to enjoy the drinking life."

Dillingham pared many elective courses to concentrate his staff to an unusual degree on interdisciplinary general studies, which attracted national notice. He raised tuition, upgraded faculty salaries (from a miserable median \$3,900 in 1953, they now stand at \$10,000). Then, on a summer day in 1959, Dillingham rode up South Hill, looked out over Cayuga Lake and instantly decided: "We will build our campus on the hill."

He knew that there must be some federal money available for college construction, had no idea how much. Board Chairman Herman E. Muller, an accountant, decided it was worth investigating after an outside study showed that Ithaca could expect a rising cash flow from increasing enrollment to handle a heavy loan commitment. "It was a simple business proposition," said Muller. "We had a tremendous demand for our product. We had a good product. We had a good faculty—a good production line." Some trustees fretted about going bankrupt, or feared Government control. Yet the more they looked into the matter, the more plentiful the Government money seemed to be—and they finally plunged in.

Soon Ithaca got more than \$17 million in 40-year loans from the Federal Housing and Home Finance Agency for ten conventional dormitories, two dramatic, 14-story dorm towers, a student union, dining hall and health center. New York State floated \$12 million

worth of 30-year tax-free bonds for music, athletic, library, science, fine arts and other administration buildings. All will be paid off, at the rate of \$1,377,000 a year, from student dormitory fees and tuition, which total \$2,800 per student. Modern buildings, insists Dillingham, help pay for themselves in lower maintenance costs: "If an act of God suddenly set one of those ivy-covered buildings down on our site, we would have it removed because we couldn't afford to operate it."

"Unmitigated Blessing." Did Government money bring Government control? "With these two agencies it doesn't distort our picture one damn bit," says Dillingham. "We're just as free as we ever were. It's been a happy partnership." Adds College Secretary Ben Light: "The first time we went to present an application we took our lawyer with us. Since then he's stayed home." Says Architect Robert B. Tallman: "They check the engineering and the financing details, but I can't think of any major engineering or architectural feature they've suggested." Insists English Professor John Harcourt: "It's been an unmitigated blessing."

That blessing has even inspired mighty Cornell to take notice of little Ithaca. "Dillingham's running a doggone tight little ship over there," says a top Cornell administrator. "Their aggressiveness makes us look a little foolish," concedes another.

### LANGUAGE

#### Dethroning Dante

For 700 years, Italian language purists have held that if a word cannot be found in Dante's *Divine Comedy*, or did not evolve from Dante's Italian, it isn't really a word at all. This scruple and others have so seriously hobbled lexicographers that they have not been able



NEW BUILDINGS AT ITHACA COLLEGE  
Un-ivied halls—\$30 million worth—from a rare partnership with government.



DILLINGHAM

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New Dishwasher **all's** super-penetrating solution gets in and under spots, lifts them off and floats them away. Dishes come out sparkling clean—even after being stacked for hours. And Dishwasher **all** is recommended by leading dishwasher manufacturers. Get new Dishwasher **all**—you'll like its new bright color, new fresh fragrance!

Dishwasher **all** is recommended completely safe for finest china by the American Fine China Guild.



to bring out a comprehensive Italian dictionary since 1811. Now, overriding all impediments, Italian scholars are finally compiling a modern dictionary.


Actually, Dante's Italian has seldom been spoken or written except by elite men of letters, diplomats, philosophers and scholars. The masses speak various provincial dialects, although the differences have gradually been softened by modern communications. At the same time, new complications have arisen in the borrowing of words from French and English. Thus the longtime guardian of Italian lexicography, the Accademia della Crusca in Florence, faces a touchy job of arbitration between pedantry and colloquialism.

**What's Topless in Italian?** It must decide, for example, whether to include peculiarly Italian uses of English words. *Sexy* is in conversational use in Italy but implies heights of nobility far beyond the English meaning. A *box* is a garage for such fast sports cars as *spyzers*, which is a corruption of *speeder*. A *pullman* is a long-distance bus; *water* is short for *water closet*. Some phrases have been adopted intact, such as *strip tease*, *baby doll*, *Latin lover* and *jet set*. *Topless*, fortunately, brings the same vision to Italian men as to Americans.

The academy, founded in 1583 with support by the Medici family and with Galileo himself as a member, published its first dictionary in 1612, a century and a half before the learned Dr. Johnson did as much for English. Subsequent editions appeared regularly until 1811 and one—the 1623 edition—became the model for definitive dictionaries in other European countries. The academicians tackled the job again in 1842, and plugged away for 81 years in their classical Dantean style, leading one critic to call the work “a vile, barbarous collection of excommunicated language.” They were all the way up to the letter O when the more modern-minded Mussolini government ordered the project abandoned.

**From Pirandello & Moravia.** The Italian project is part of a worldwide push toward updating languages. France, Germany, The Netherlands, Spain and Greece all have recently undertaken or completed such projects, most of them inspired by the Oxford English Dictionary, whose final volume was published in 1928. Even with the aid of IBM computers, which will record and digest words from such great Italian writers as Boccaccio, Petrarch, Machiavelli, Pirandello, Moravia—and Dante—the job is expected to take 50 years.

Because of the borrowing of words from other languages, the new work will add five letters—J, K, W, X and Y—that have not been part of the formal Italian alphabet. It will cost about \$5,000,000, fill 20 volumes, each 1,000 pages thick. It is all a labor of love for the academy's dynamic President Giacomo Devoto, who at 67 is not likely to live much beyond the publication of Volume 1, scheduled for 1975.



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## How Associates helps the Dan Kellys camp their way through the West

It was the first year the Kellys would have a three-week vacation, and they wanted to take the children and camp their way through the West.

They needed a camping trailer and some camping gear. This created a need for some additional funds.

Remembering the help he got when he financed their station wagon through Associates with his automobile dealer, Dan stopped in the local Associates office to ask

about a loan. On that same day, a special loan was made for the Kellys. The camper and equipment were purchased, and they set out for the West.

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# THE THEATER

## An American Classic

The *Glass Menagerie*, by Tennessee Williams. It is not pure happenstance that the three truest plays of the modern American theater, Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night*, Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* and Williams' *The Glass Menagerie*, are family dramas. When the domestic relationship is illuminated by a playwright of size, intensity and perception, it becomes the perdurable stuff of human existence. All of these plays share two touchstones of the classic: inevitability and immutability. One cannot imagine their happening in any other way, and one cannot imagine a time when they did not exist.

Only O'Neill's family is sufficiently doomed to be called tragic. Miller's people are defeated; Williams' clan is haunted, principally by "the long-delayed but always-expected something that we live for." *The Glass Menagerie* is thus the most Chekhovian play of the U.S.'s most Chekhovian playwright. Its mood is mist before the eyes; yet it is propelled as inexorably as the tides. At its heart is the demonic mover of the seemingly motionless—time. The texture of the play is music: nocturnal, poignant and poetic.

The plot has the simplicity of a short story. A Southern mother (Maureen Stapleton) long since deserted by her husband, and subsisting on delusions of genteel grandeur, wants to secure a suitable suitor for her slightly crippled daughter (Piper Laurie) who has withdrawn into the reverie world of her collection of tiny glass animals. The restive son of the house (George Grizzard) brings home a "gentleman caller" (Pat Hingle) who arouses the girl's interest and then, guiltlessly, inadvertently, breaks her pet unicorn and

—by revealing that he is already engaged—her heart.

It is a tribute to the resilience of the play and the mastery of the playwright that, in the current revival, *The Glass Menagerie* somehow survives the guiltless and inadvertent miscasting of three of its four roles. The gentleman caller, expertly modeled by Pat Hingle, can be of the commonest clay, but the three family parts must be made of glass just like the toy menagerie.

The mother should be transparent, a ruin of beauty. Maureen Stapleton is as solid as a mountain of pasta; one cannot see through her to the mythic past. There is bougainvillea, and weeping willow, and a century of wounded Southern pride in the prose arias that Tennessee Williams gave the role; all one hears in Miss Stapleton's voice is the jagged, chop-chop talk of a tenement mother. The garrulity is present but not the gallantry.

The daughter should be fragile, but Piper Laurie is invulnerable, too blooming healthy by half. The acting task is noticeably beyond her when she tries to convey an unanticipated breath of life with cocktail-party animation. As for the son, he should be as insubstantial as glass, a dreamer caught between his mother's mirage of the past and his own dream of the future, but there is more petulance than poetry in George Grizzard's steely eye and shiftless stance.

Despite all this, *The Glass Menagerie* is so much the best play on Broadway that it is as if a graveyard of mediocrity had abruptly kicked off its tombstones with a sudden ineluctable rush of life. Perhaps it is moving precisely because it is a play of the spirit that moves from death toward life. The mother is throttled by her illusions, the daughter is felled by the brute strength of the world, and the gentleman caller founders in the anonymous quicksand of being average. But the son Tom, the writer-to-be in this distinctly autobiographical play, is about to be born to his vocation and to the appalling and enthralling adventure of becoming himself.

## Eros Degraded

Baal is Bertolt Brecht's first play, written in 1918, and in later life he had no illusions about it. Just prior to his death in 1956, he said: "I admit and I warn you—the play lacks wisdom." What the play has is wildness, chaos, raw youthful exuberance, an ardent desire to shock, and a compulsion to spew up nausea in the accents of lyric delirium. One line sets the tone of the play: "I see the world in a mellow light: it is the Lord God's excrement."

Baal (Mitchell Ryan) is a poet who sees the stars only when he is wallowing in the mud. He is modern, and not quite human. He is really a child of myth and philosophy. His symbolic antecedents are the Biblical false gods of ancient



RYAN & ELKINS  
*Lyric delirium.*

terility rites and orgasmic sensuality, and the neopagan doctrines of Nietzsche's Dionysian anti-Christ. What Brecht conceived of was not so much a free soul as an animal will, ruthlessly, amorally, narcissistically possessed by his creature instincts.

A kind of erotic robber baron, Baal squeezes the juices of life, love and lust out of other men's wives, friends' mistresses and such virgins as the one played by Flora Elkins—and then casts them aside with savage contempt. He is always raving drunk and ravenously sex-hungry, at one point taking two sisters to bed at the same time. Between these bouts of insane carnality, he cheats, lies, steals, and spouts some embarrassingly inflated rhetoric at the sun, trees, sea and sky. The only being he seems to care for is a homosexual composer of Masses (James Earl Jones), and he ultimately murders him.

Baal dies without the play's ever having come wholly alive. Despite the spirited work of a proficient cast, the drama is a historical curio that contains something of Brecht's sardonic mood but little of his subsequent theatrical mastery. Seemingly hailing the life force, Baal paradoxically suggests Brecht's fear of it, as if the worship of life could only lead to sensual derangement. If ever a playwright had a split personality, it was Bertolt Brecht. In later plays, he seemed to revel in decadence and cynicism while mourning purity. His intellect was at war with his heart. His tongue sneered while his lips prayed. Embracing the tyrannical collectivity god of Communism, he remained his own prickly, mocking, individual self. He was his own most ambiguous creation, elusive by nature and by craft, for, as he says in this play, "Tales that can be understood are just badly told."



HINGLE, STAPLETON, GRIZZARD & LAURIE  
*Chekhovian music.*

*Chevy II Nova Super Sport Coupe*



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It is not recorded just what standards Mrs. Astor applied in the nineties to determine who would be in the Four Hundred admitted to her ballroom.

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**TIME/LIFE**



# SHOW BUSINESS

## NIGHTCLUBS

### Everything Was Coming Up Arthur

When it comes to night life, New York likes to think of itself as the show-business capital of the U.S. And just to prove it, every once in a while it gangs up its openings. Last week, for instance, first-nighters had a pick that included Fartha Kitt, Edie Adams, Ella Fitzgerald and a newcomer called Arthur. Arthur is not a personage but a place, and not really a place but (overnight) the place for the *discothèque* set.

In *Was On*, Sybil Burton, the ex-Mrs. Richard, runs Arthur for a large group of stockholders, including Julie Andrews, Leonard Bernstein, Mike Nichols and Rex Harrison. It is named not for the once and future king, but for Beatie George Harrison, who, when asked in *A Hard Day's Night* about his haircut, replied: "I call it Arthur." Sybil, it also turns out, is a sort of Guinevere of the frug. Not that there was any space to spare on opening night, for even a few of the stockholders couldn't write their way in.

Those who did have the *Courrèges* to fight the mob included Baby Jane Holzer, Marion Javits, Cyd Charisse, and in the train, massaging his temples, a harassed Huntington Hartford. But the exposure of all thighs was Arthur-coiffed Rudolf Nureyev, whose lap, noted Fashion Writer Eugenia Sheppard, "was the most 'in' place for any woman to be Wednesday night." Rudi had an embrace for Tennessee Williams, but frugged first with Sybil.

**Seeing Was Believing.** For those at the Persian Room of the Plaza, it was nostalgia night with Eartha Kitt, who has now become more cat than kitten. Eartha has never peddled very safe or comfortable sex, and as Columnist Earl Wilson noted, "Eartha, in line with present-day trends, has made changes in her sexy act. She's made it sexier." She appears in a gold, bell-bottomed jump suit that must be annealed into place, then swatches herself in a 20-ft. sable stole. And her voice still ranges from purr to snarl in *I Want to Be Evil* ("I want to wake up in the morning with that dark brown taste. I want to see disavowation in my face"). She had to cool off one ringsider with "I only sing these songs; I don't live them."

At the Latin Quarter they were all hot eating up Comedienne Edie Adams. It had something to do with the way swan's-down-clad Edie did a takeoff on Zsa Zsa Gabor narcissistically kissing her own shoulder. Now Edie, who established herself with a Marilyn Monroe impersonation, has taken on nothing less than hugging the White House. Johnny Carson tried it not long ago, playing the role of your friendly finance man grilling L.B.J. about his \$100,000



EARTHA PURRING



SYBIL FRUGGING

Those who had *Courrèges*, fought.

tax loan: "How long have you had your job? Oh, less than two years? Any property? But that's in your wife's name? A car? Oh, that's in your wife's name too?" To play her Lady Bird, Edie modulated her voice to a slow Pedernales drawl: "I've been spending quite a lot of time in Washington," she began, "since Mr. Johnson and I became President." And how does she see her role now? "I want to say in all humility that ah made mah husband what he is today—rich." It was great. But was it good enough to get her a repeat of last March's dinner at the White House?

## BROADWAY

### What Makes Some Run

The current season, on and off Broadway, has been less distinguished for its successes—few and far between—than for the remarkable survival rate of plays that were none of them straight-forward hits back when they opened. The formulas of pluck, luck or pure hokum involved were never the same, but together they make a fascinating catalogue of the remarkable methods used to make some shows run.


**Keep It Cozy.** Take the case of *The Fantasticks*, a shamelessly romantic bit of fluff with a first-rate score. After losing money the first nine weeks, it managed to set up a love affair with its audience, kept everything cozy and intimate in a 150-seat, off-Broadway house. Fans of the show began going back again and again; one critic comes back every anniversary. So an initial investment of \$16,500 has quietly turned into a \$262,000 profit, and last week *The Fantasticks* went larking into its sixth year, just 515 performances behind the alltime off-Broadway champ, *The Threepenny Opera*.

Another method, especially for a huge, not particularly good musical, is

lavish promotion. For *Baker Street*, Producer Alexander Cohen primed the pump with \$50,000. He stationed red-coated, bushy-topped actors on the sidewalk in front of the box office, filled the lobby with Sherlock Holmes memorabilia, and transformed the theater facade into a brick house with cutouts of second-story men and assassins climbing ropes and ladders. Result: during Easter week, *Baker Street* set a Broadway grossing record of \$103,210.

**I Had a Ball** started out as a musical. But when the show began coming unstuck, Comic Buddy Hackett simply stuffed the play in his hip pocket and forgot about it. He now scatters nightclub-style monologues throughout the show, and after the final curtain, in between ad libs, puts on his fellow actors and clowns away to his heart's content. Everyone has such a good time that in its 20th week the third-rate show took in a respectable \$50,000-plus.

**Break Out Champagne.** Frank Gillroy's *The Subject Was Roses* is first-rate, but when it opened a year ago, it seemed a cinch for lilies within the week. It was by an unestablished author, had no big-name director or stars, was starting in late season, and had only a scrappy \$165 advance. But just because the odds seemed so overwhelmingly against it, *Roses* became a cause. Publisher Bennett Cerf took a personal ad to praise it, Harry Belafonte distributed promotional roses, and the box office slowly built just enough to keep *Roses* in bloom. Then two weeks ago, the New York Drama Critics Circle called it the best drama of the year and the cast broke out champagne. That Saturday night the house grossed \$4,800, largest ever. Last week it won the Pulitzer Prize, and between them the two awards have hyped the box office 100%. "Good Lord," said one playgoer, "it's as if it just opened."



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## GALLERIES

## The Box, Glue &amp; Nail Set

Invitations to New York openings now must be art works themselves: invisible-ink posters, a kaleidoscope rattling full of the artist's favorite images, plastic ice cubes filled with hollis or ball bearings, a signed shopping bag for a group show of what artists collect. It takes at least that much to entice jaded connoisseurs away from their collections of old Batman comic books and portable ant colonies. Meanwhile, the artists were busy nailing, gluing and boxing together things that are neither pop nor op.



SAINT-PHALLE'S "SAPPHO"



ARMAN'S "COLLECTION"



GENTILS' "BERLIN-LEIPZIG"

BAUERMEISTER'S LENS BOX  
Better than Batman?

Take Niki de Saint-Phalle, 34, for instance. She was born Agnes, looked demure on a LIFE cover in 1949 while a Park Avenue postdeb, and then, calling herself Niki, turned into one of the nutty art world's most charming cashews. Refining action painting, which was supposed to spread the oils around, she hit the target in 1960 by attaching bags of paint to canvases, then blasting them with her .22-cal. rifle. Now that the quick-draw days are over, she has popped back into fashion with hairy sculptures tattooed with more images, inscriptions and plain gunk than any statue in the park. Her *Sappho*, lounging beneath a tree fruited with a skull, slouches like an Eve who has waited in vain for Adam a thousand years. Or France's Arman, 37. He accumulates things like a surplus-parts dealer and freezes them in polyester. His transparent collages in Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art's current assemblage show, contain heaps of real oil gauges, fan blades, or teapots. Very cool and a bit Dada, Arman's accumulations deliberately arouse no emotions in their viewers—unless possibly pique. But the Modern acquired one—a blend of matchboxes with pictures of cars and tiny toy vehicles.

Belgium's Vic Gentils, 46, another assemblagist in the Modern's show, evokes nostalgia by limiting his palette to destroyed pianos. He reassembles them into *memento mori*. His *Berlin-Leipzig* could suggest a defunct trans-European express train, or simply what he could do if he had added woodwinds and brass. Not every thing new is off key. A newcomer at the Modern, German-born Mary Bauermeister, 30, believes that there is more than one way to look at a painting. She boxes pen and ink scribbles, beasties and the progress notes of her work beneath Plexiglas layers, scatters them with lenses in sizes ranging from contact to Cyclops. As the viewer moves, hocus-focus! Lines magically ripple, images flip. She has indulged herself in pebble collages, but her more recent optometry, such as *Homemade P--- O'APPLEPIE*, takes static art close to the vibrating borderlines of cinema.

## MUSEUMS

## Chesterdale the Custodian

Great art collectors are made, not born. Rather than the exception, the late Chester Dale (see color pages) was the rule. Even well into his 70s, he still seemed the wiry, colloquial kid who, in his early teens, was an accomplished trackside bettor and dropped out of Peekskill Military Academy to become a Wall Street runner. The way of Chesterdale (as his friends called him) was to make wise gambles, and by dealing shrewdly in public utilities, he parlayed his way into a fortune by age 35. "No dealer ever sold me a picture," he said. "Talked me into buying one, that is."

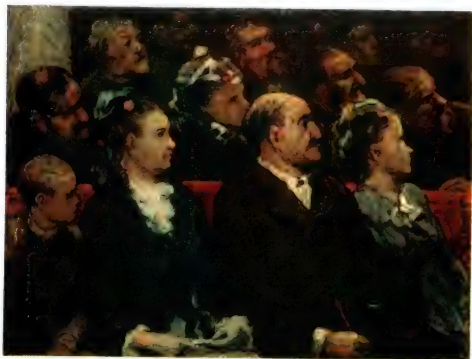
This did not include his art-trained wife Maud. They began by collecting such U.S. artists as George Bellows, but Maud soon shifted her husband's interest to the French masters. As they strolled through the Louvre, Dale would ask, "What's that worth?" He meant dollars; she answered with insight. "She had the knowledge," said Dale. "I had the acquisitiveness."

**Uncensored Queens.** The exuberance of the Roaring Twenties inspired the Dales. Guy Pène du Bois painted them dining out, much as they saw themselves: she in a smart cloche hat, he in tuxedo. In Manhattan, their friend George Gershwin would stop by to use one of the Dales's Cézannes as inspiration for his piano improvisations. The collector spoke the jazz-era lingo, described pictures as "hot," "terrific" or, "I feel that wham."

What Dale wanted, Dale usually got. And his collection—mainly acquired between 1926 and 1936—was as sound as a corporation's stock portfolio. Among the blue chips: eleven Picassos, nine each by Monet and Matisse, eight by Degas and Derain, five by Braque, Van Gogh and Vlaminck. It ranged from Tintoretto to Dali, including a Rubens because it presaged his nine Renoirs, and an El Greco because it helped explain his six Cézannes. There are some that have not paid off the historical dividends, but these were more than cancelled out by Dale's spectacular flyer: a dozen paintings by Modigliani, bought when his nudes were scorned by one art critic as "uncensored movie queens."

**The Winning Suitor.** In time the childless financier came to refer to his art works as "my children." He also hugely enjoyed making trial marriages, lending his treasures to such museums as the Chicago Art Institute and the Philadelphia Museum of Art, then yanking them all back again. But he kept hope alive in many a museum director hungry to inherit his collection by saying, "I've got news for you—a shroud has no pockets." When late in life he suddenly developed an enthusiasm for Salvador Dali, both the National Gal-

## A LEGACY FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY



DAUMIER

*French Theater*, a small oil on wood from Chester Dale's Collection, was painted circa 1858 and was last shown in 1934.



TURNER

*On the Beach, Trouville* is a quick oil sketch showing 1887 holiday-goers dallying on the popular Normandy seashore.



MATISSE

*Moroccan Woman*, a 1922 study of model in seraglio undress, is one of nine Matisse's in Dale Collection.



WHISTLER

This wistful *Little Girl in White* shows off the expatriate U.S. artist's love of flat images.



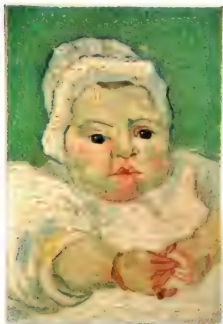
GAUGUIN

*Marie Henry*, a Bretonne innkeeper, shows painter's style before he went to Tahiti.

PISSARRO

Famed for cityscapes, the artist also liked to paint such bucolic scenes as *The Bathers*.





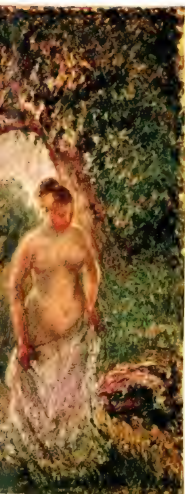
VAN GOGH

*Roulin's Baby*, painted at Arles in 1888, has, wrote the artist, "the infinite in its eyes."



FANTIN-LATOIR

This 1867 portrait of the Duchess of Fitz-James bears the intricate, tender colorism of French Pre-Raphaelite yearnings.



DEGAS

Turning from his favorite theatrical world of tutus and gaslight, the artist depicted *Mlle. Malo*, a minor ballerina, in street dress.

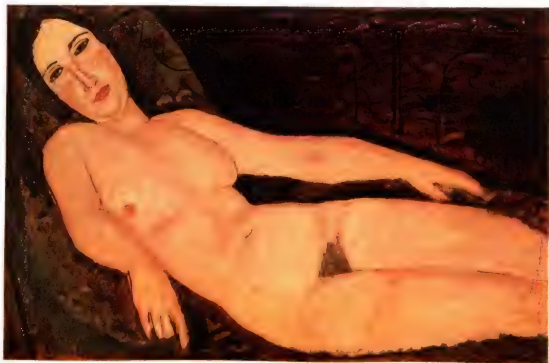
ROUSSEAU

Anatomy, age and perspective are left to the whim of this "wise primitive" in his 1897 *Boy on the Rocks*.



PICASSO

The artist was only 20 when he portrayed Pedro Mafach, who became one of his earliest patrons.

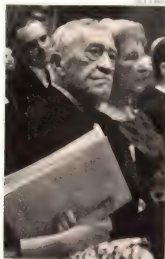


MODIGLIANI

Dale's particular love was for the figures of the wild-living Montmartre artist, of whose paintings Dale owned twelve.

lery and New York's Metropolitan vied in giving Dali a place of honor.

But the winning suitor was never really in doubt. The National Gallery's director, John Walker, had known Dale since Harvard days when he, along with Lincoln Kirstein and Edward Warburg, opened a gallery. The great collector had lent them Modiglianis, Picassos, Braques and Matisses when such artists were considered too avant-garde to show. When the National Gallery opened in 1941, Dale lent a few American paintings plus 25 French works, added 41 the next year, and 59 more in 1952. A trustee since 1943, Dale was



DALE AT AN AUCTION

"I had the acquisitiveness."

the museum's president from 1955 until his death in 1962.

**Tough to Rival.** "Every picture will go to the public. I consider myself the custodian," said Dale once. Last week he was as good as his word. In six new rooms of the National Gallery, 88 previously unseen works were placed on view. This last installment brought Dale's bequest to a total of 274 paintings, seven sculptures, 22 graphics, 1,560 art books, 1,232 valuably annotated auction catalogues, plus \$500,000 for overseas scholarships in the arts.

Does this mean that the day of great French impressionist and post-impressionist collecting is over? Not necessarily. The National Gallery estimates that nine of Dale's last 88 bequests could each command more than \$250,000 at auction. But as Manhattan Dealer Eugene Thaw points out, "It's a fallacy to say that it can never be done today. A collector has to wait longer for the right picture, but treasures as great as ever are still coming up on the market." A case in point is California Collector Norton Simon, who recently purchased Degas' *Repetition de Ballet* at auction for a whopping \$410,000. "Only by paying such a record price," says Parke-Bernet's Carroll Hogan, "can a collection comparable to Dale's be assembled."

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CHRISTIAN COFFEEHOUSE IN CHICAGO

## EVANGELISM

### From Conversion to Concern

Conversion, traditionally as basic to Christianity as prayer, is today a concept in evolution. Conservative and fundamentalist church groups still hew faithfully to the Biblical injunction, "make disciples of all nations, baptizing them." Among renewal-minded clergy of the main-stream Protestant faiths, there is widespread doubt about whether gaining new members for the organized church is the primary goal of true Christianity.

Meeting in Atlanta last week, members of the National Council of Churches' Commission on Evangelism spent their sessions discussing race relations and experimental ministries that seek to serve men rather than convert them. "The concept of evangelism is broadening to include the totality of a man's life," explained Dr. Gerald Jud of the United Church of Christ. "Old evangelism tried to get everybody inside the ark. Today the church is trying to get the significance of God's love to people outside the ark."

**Cost of Ecumenism.** Why are Christians less interested in getting others inside the ark? Among U.S. Roman Catholics, whose conversion total dropped from 146,212 in 1959 to 126,209 last year, ecumenism seems to be a major cause. Thanks to new hopes for the eventual union of Christianity, and to a new appreciation for the spiritual qualities of other faiths, Catholics appear to have lost their zeal to bring others into what they traditionally believe to be Christ's one true church. "Focusing their attention upon corporate reunion," says the Rev. John A. O'Brien of Notre Dame University's Bureau of Religious Research, "Catholics seem to have overlooked the importance and necessity of continuing the convert apostolate to the individual."

For Protestants, talk of corporate merger and interfaith cooperation have reduced interdenominational tensions almost to the vanishing point, making it possible for a layman to switch allegiances as painlessly as he changes

## RELIGION

homes or jobs. As a result, church "conversions" in fast-growing areas often amount to nothing more than "ecclesiastical cannibalism" of the already committed. Many churches in today's mobile America are so busy absorbing transfers that they are content to limit their outreach to people with a high motivation for joining—their own Sunday-school graduates, or suburban couples with children. Of suburban Washington families whose houses cost \$22,000 or more, at least 65% belong to a church, compared with 3% of those who live in apartments and "peep at you through a hole in the door," as one frustrated minister puts it.

**Latent Crisis.** If Protestants in general seem to have gone from hard sell to no sell, it may be because traditional approaches to evangelism are out of date. Revival-style preaching, for example, rings hollow in the ears of educated laymen. A number of ministers who admire Billy Graham as a person have grave reservations about his "decisions for Christ" approach—the "ability in 45 minutes to bring out a latent crisis in your life, usually guilt over one sin or another," as the Rev. Stephen Rose, editor of Chicago's *Renewal* magazine puts it.

One traditional means of evangelism that still works is person-to-person contact, in homes or offices, made by Christians who witness to their faith by how they live, not what they say. This kind of witness most often produces converts to new, small and struggling churches, whose members have a natural zeal to bring in people to share both the burden and the joy. The conversion success of the Mormons (a 7.7% growth rate last year) and the Southern Baptists (374,418 baptisms in 1964) may be due partly to their custom of spawning churches as rapidly as possible. Says Dr. Glen E. Braxwell of the Colorado Baptist General Convention, which has organized 100 new churches in the past ten years: "Where the American Baptists may have one large church, we will

have four or five or a dozen in the same community."

**Great Things for God?** As a rule, says Lyle Schaller of the Cleveland-Akron Regional Church Planning Office, ardor begins to cool when a church becomes self-supporting. By the time it grows to cathedral size, organization may stifle altogether the spiritual ambitions of a genuine convert. "A convert enters a church ready to do great things for God, and the first thing he is asked to do is serve on the altar flower committee," notes Chicago Lutheran Theologian Martin Marty.

But should Christianity really be all that concerned with adding names to church rosters? Many Protestant thinkers believe that the church has a hard enough task "converting" the baptized heathens already on its rosters—the millions of comfortable Christians who joined the church without undergoing any radical change in their vision of way of life. "I even think that no growth could be a healthy sign," says Dr. Jud. The new approach to evangelism—visible in such "unstructured ministries" as coffeehouses, industrial missions, and missions to drug-strips, ski resorts, and "night people"—is primarily interested not in selling Christianity but in sympathetically expressing a human concern for others.

## ROMAN CATHOLICS

### A Dialogue with Marxists

From Marx to Mao, Communists have belabored religion as the opiate of masses. From Pius IX to Paul VI, Roman Popes have denounced the evils of Communism. Last week, at the archbishop's palace in Salzburg, Austria, 250 scholars from both sides of the argument concluded an amicable symposium on Christianity and Marxism.

The meeting, sponsored by West Germany's Paulist Society for Christian laymen, included such topnotch theologians as Jesuit Karl Rahner and Herbert Vorgrimler of Freiburg as well as three observers from a new Vatican secretariat for nonbelievers, which is headed by Franziskus Cardinal König of Vi-

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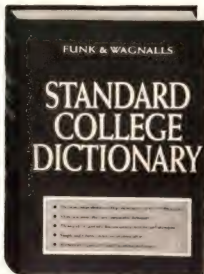
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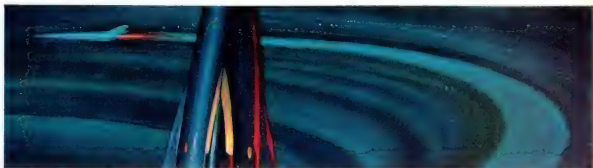
enna. The major Communist speakers were French Party Theoretician Roger Garaudy and one of Bulgaria's ranking ideologues, Asari Polikarov.

**Walking the Same Road.** "Are Marxists uninterested in questions asked by man on the sense of his life and his death, on the requirements of his thoughts and of his heart?" asked Garaudy. "Not at all. If the greatness of religion proves itself in the exigency of answering these questions, the weakness is in pretending to answer them in a way that carries the stigma of insufficiency. The protest of atheism has, for this reason, a cathartic value."

Religion and Marxism, the Communists agreed, can under certain conditions cooperate. One reason, said Dr. Walter Hollitscher of East Berlin's Humboldt University, is that today both are subject to the same forces of history, such as the technological revolution. Lucio Lombardo of the University of Rome suggested that Marxism must grow to include the concept of pluralism. Garaudy proposed that the atheism of Marx was a response to the historic face of religion of his time; in the light of a developing social concern on the part of Christians, Communism might have to re-evaluate its traditional attitude toward religion. After all, as Marx himself admitted, Communism is the "protane realization" of the "human base of Christendom," said Garaudy. "In 1965 we can ask, 'Do not the most advanced Christians begin to walk on the same road as we do?'"

Some of the Catholic scholars were doubtful. Asked Jesuit Rahner: "What guarantees can Communism give that when it comes to power it will not persecute the church as it has done in the past?" Physiologist Hans Schaefer of Heidelberg noted that there seemed to be more signs of change in Catholicism than in Communism. "In most of the speeches one hears, Marx, Engels and Lenin are still the basis for most of the ideas. If we are to move forward in our discussions, it would seem wise for Marxists also to remember that the scientific world has progressed to the point where it makes sense to look again at all their premises." Garaudy acknowledged that the world 200 years hence will expect more of Marxism, and that it "would be all the poorer if it did not share in the knowledge of great men such as St. John of the Cross."

**Good Beginning.** To one observer from the Vatican secretariat, the meeting was "a good beginning." Father Erich Kellner of Munich, organizer of the conference, thinks so too, and will try to convene another session next year with a wider assortment of Red thinkers. For their part, the Marxists were also willing to carry on. "What did we get out of it?" said one. "Well, we decided it is really worthwhile to have more meetings. While this might not sound like much, it is a major step forward when you remember the atmosphere of ten years ago."



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# SPORT

## BASEBALL

### The Yankees That Look Like Mud Hens

The rightfielder answered to Arturo. A guy named Doc was behind the plate. The cleanup batter called himself Hector, and his claim to fame was that he once led the league in grounding into double plays. The whole squad was hitting .212. The program said they were the New York Yankees, winners of five straight American League pennants and 2-1 favorites to make it six in a row. Baltimore Coach Billy Hunter knew better: after all, he used to play shortstop for New York. "Yankees?" snorted Hunter. "They look like the Toledo Mud Hens to me."

**Aching Legs.** They were the Yankees, all right, but by last week they had lost 12 out of 21 games, were dismally mired in eighth place, 5½ games behind the Chicago White Sox. Fans were staying away in droves (only 3,001 showed up at 67,000-seat Yankee Stadium for a game against Kansas City), and sick pay was costing \$1,440 a day. Mickey Mantle, at \$100,000 a year, was resting his aching legs on the bench. Roger Maris, a \$72,000-a-year man, was sprawled in an easy chair in Independence, Mo., nursing a pulled hamstring muscle. Catcher Elston Howard, \$70,000 worth of talent, was out of action for six weeks after an operation for bone chips in his elbow. To replace Howard, the Yankees shipped two players off to Kansas City in exchange for H. R. ("Doc") Edwards, whose credentials include a lifetime batting average of .244 and a tour of duty as Navy medic.

It looked as though nothing short of a complete transfusion could help the slumping Yankees. Last week they dropped both ends of a doubleheader to Baltimore, and proved that it was no fluke by losing 2-1 in an exhibition

next day against their cross-town baby cousins, the New York Mets. (The Mets had prepped for the game by losing six straight in the National League.) Then the Yanks shuffled off to Cleveland to swap condolences with an old friend, Pitcher Ralph Terry, who won 76 games for the Yanks before he was traded to the Indians last October.

**For Mercy's Sake.** "I enjoy seeing the fellows again," beamed Terry, who walked out to the mound, threw 70 pitches and walked off with his fourth victory of the year, a 4-0 shutout. Only three Yankees got to first base, and the game mercifully lasted just 1 hr., 40 min.—shortest of the season. "I wanted to win," explained Terry afterward, "but I wanted to make sure I didn't rub it in."

If he didn't, the ninth-place Washington Senators did: they promptly took two out of three from the Yankees. Manager Johnny Keane grimly declared: "Anyone who figures we're washed up is just plain foolish." Maybe so. But the Yankees have yet to play their first game against Al Lopez' red-hot White Sox, who last week won five out of seven games to boost their league lead to 2½ games. In 1964 the Yankees beat the Sox 12 out of 18, and Lopez can hardly wait to get even. "The Yankees are hurting," he chortled. "This is the year they lose." And who is going to win? "Well," drawled Lopez, "we've got a pretty good ball club out here in Chicago."

## COLLEGE BASKETBALL

### California, Here I Come

"I have always been captivated by California," sighed Lew Alcindor—and instantly broke the heart of every college basketball coach east of Los Angeles. The most sought-after high school player in the U.S. (TIME, Jan. 22), Alcindor, 18, stands 7 ft. 1 in. and weighs 235 lbs.; over the course of three sea-



ALCINDOR AT PRESS CONFERENCE  
2,500 miles of broken hearts.

sons at Manhattan's Power Memorial Academy, he scored 2,067 points and pulled down 2,002 rebounds. He had scholarship offers from some 60 colleges, and when he made his choice last week, newsmen crammed the Power gym to hear the announcement. "I have chosen U.C.L.A.," intoned Alcindor. "It has the atmosphere I wanted, and the people out there were nice to me."

Coach Johnny Wooden's U.C.L.A. Bruins have already won the N.C.A.A. championship two years running. Last month the Bruins flew Lew out to Los Angeles for a weekend, put him up in a two-room suite, drove him around town in a red Mercedes, fed him hamburgers, took him to a dance, a rock 'n' roll concert, and to Bel Air's St. Martin of Tours Roman Catholic church.

Lew's parents were dubious about sending their little boy to a school 2,500 miles away. But after a lecture from Lew on Los Angeles' balmy climate and healthy attitude toward Negroes, they untied the apron strings. At U.C.L.A., Lew will get just what N.C.A.A. rules allow: room, board, tuition, and \$15 per month "laundry money."

## TENNIS

### Rocket Off the Pad

The first lesson Rod ("Rocket") Laver had to learn when he quit amateur tennis and turned pro in 1963 was respect for his elders. The cocky, carrot-topped Aussie left-hander, then 24, was far from awed by the likes of Pancho Gonzales and Ken Rosewall. After all, he was the first player since Don Budge in 1938 to achieve a grand slam of tennis' four top tournaments—the Australian, French, Wimbledon and U.S. championships. Experts marveled at his vicious ground strokes and slashing serve, his unique ability to cock his wrist at the last instant to put topspin or underspin on the ball.

"Better than Budge," said famed Coach Mercer Beasley—and who was Rod to argue when he was guaranteed



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\$110,000 to play with the pros? "If you really want the satisfaction of knowing how good you can be," Laver explained, "you've got to pit yourself against guys like Rosewall and Gonzales. My ambition is to become No. 1—and stay there as long as possible."

To his surprise, Laver found himself Number Zero: he lost 19 of his first 21 pro matches. No. 1 from 1961 to 1964 was Ken Rosewall. Laver had to modify his game—serve deeper and harder, cut down his backswing on volleys. "In the pros," says Rod, "you can't play a bad game. Amateurs are concerned only with winning the match. With the pros, it's how many points you win by. They determine how you're seeded for the next tournament."

Growing pains did not keep Laver from winning his share on the tour: \$50,000 in 1963, \$40,000 last year. Now the Rocket is really off the pad. Last week at Manhattan's 71st Regiment Armory, he needed just 41 minutes to polish off Gonzales 6-3, 6-1, to win his fourth victory in six tournaments, boost his 1963 winnings to \$15,500—tops on the tour. Admitted Rosewall grimly: "I lie awake nights, staring at the ceiling."

#### TRACK & FIELD

##### Another for Superman

At last week's Southwest Conference track meet in College Station, Texas, just a week after he had smashed the old world record with a toss of 69 ft 1 in., Texas A. & M.'s Randy Matson, 20, threw the 16-lb. metal ball five times, each time topping 67 ft. His longest put established a fantastic new record of 70 ft. 7 in. Sighed Baylor University Coach Clyde Hart: "One day, we'll see Matson peel off his A. & M. warm up suit, and underneath he'll have on a cape and a big S on his chest. Then he'll fly away, and we'll wonder whether we really saw him."

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## SCIENCE

### ELECTRONICS

#### The Room-Size World

[See Cover]

Lyndon Johnson immediately grasped the significance and potential of Early Bird, the new communications satellite hovering 22,300 miles above the equator. Aware that the Russians were flooding European TV stations with films and pictures for the 20th anniversary of V-E day, the President acted swiftly last week to upstage them.

In Washington, U.S.-network bigwigs were expecting to meet at the White House to complain about the President's increasing pre-emption of prime TV time on short notice. Instead of a meeting, Johnson produced a new short-notice request. As soon as possible, he said, he wanted to use Early Bird to broadcast a V-E anniversary speech direct to Europe. Three and one-half hours later, in a slow and measured drawl, he was chiding Charles de Gaulle live on British and Italian TV screens, and being taped for later rebroadcast in almost every other European nation.

**Global Blanket.** As a means of muting Russia's planned propaganda barrage, European broadcasters called it "a master stroke." But the unprecedented transatlantic transmission of the master's voice and face also gave rise to international problems undreamed of a week ago. CBS's Walter Cronkite noted that the President had violated diplomatic protocol by addressing foreign peoples directly without first notifying their governments. A British Broadcasting Corp. official complained that he was forced to disrupt the normal evening schedule on short notice. Foreign chiefs of state, suddenly alert to the prestige potential of broadcasting directly to foreign nations by satellite, began stirring. German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard immediately requested time to address the American people.

Such new problems only served to underscore the new epoch in communications that rose with the drum-shaped, 85-lb. satellite. In an age fast growing familiar with man's race beyond the confines of his own world, Early Bird reached back toward the earth and seemed to shrink it almost to room size. All by itself, the satellite blanketed more than one-third of the globe. If two more soar into orbit, for the first time in history it will be literally true that for every nation instant contact will be possible with every inhabited spot on earth.

**World Town Meeting.** In Europe and the U.S., television's showmen labored to exploit Early Bird's versatility. At their best, the programs were as moving and immediate as a closeup of Houston's great Surgeon Michael DeBakey repairing a human heart while fascinated doctors in Geneva looked

over his shoulder. Europe watched troop movements in the streets of Santo Domingo while bullets still ricocheted across the Caribbean town. The *Town Meeting* of the World turned international as Barry Goldwater in New York, Dean Rusk and Sir Alec Douglas-Home in London, and Maurice Schumann in Paris joined in a transatlantic gabfest. A mug shot of Canada's most wanted man, relayed by Early Bird and recognized by a televiewer in Florida, gave accused Bank Robber Georges Lemay the dubious fame of becoming the first fugitive nabbed by satellite. NBC teamed up with the BBC and, for a refreshing few minutes, Huntley-Brinkley became Huntley-Dimbleby.

**Goonhilly Downs, Pleumeur-Bodou, Raisting, Andover**—the unfamiliar places where big, ground-based stations were relaying programs to Early Bird—became part of the language of the communications industry. And between the best and the worst that TV had to offer, imaginative men could pick out the promise of a dream born more than a century ago, when the first crude telegraph suggested that man might some day far outreach the limitations of his speech and hearing.

**Magic Factor.** As the telegraph matured into the telephone, the telephone into radio, and radio into television, each successive stage in the electronics revolution was hailed by optimistic prophets as a magic factor that would weld all the world into one peaceful unit. But always some technical problem kept the vision from coming quite true. Telephone talk, for instance, could not cross oceans on early telephone cables, and the first radiotelephones were noisy and capricious. Television proved even harder to handle because its signals ride on high-frequency radio waves that are useful only over line-of-sight distances; unaided, they cannot travel past the horizon, an average of 30 miles away.

Only a few years ago, before the success of the first experimental satellites, electronic communication was still disappointingly short of its theoretical ideal. Plentiful telephone circuits crossed the U.S. and Europe on improved landlines, or by means of microwave beams that hopped between towers on buildings or mountaintops. TV programs used the same beams or traveled overland by coaxial cable. In 1956 American Telephone & Telegraph, the British General Post Office, and Canadian Overseas Telecommunications Corp. laid twin cables under the North Atlantic capable of carrying 36 simultaneous telephone conversations. But the cables were expensive and of limited capacity, and TV could not squeeze itself through them.

**All but Impossible.** Whatever was needed to make possible a system of truly worldwide communication was still



FIVE COUNTRIES BY SATELLITE  
And a fugitive got nabbed in Florida.

missing, although scientists were reasonably sure they knew what that missing link was. In 1945, British Electronics Engineer Arthur C. Clarke, who later became a first-rank science-fiction writer (*Childhood's End*), published in *Wireless World* an extraordinarily farsighted article spelling out in detail his theory that earth satellites on high orbits could act as relay stations carrying telephone and TV to the entire earth.

The biggest space vehicles in existence then were German V-2 rockets with a vertical range of only 100 miles. Even so, Clarke boldly selected a particularly difficult orbit for his relay satellite: it should circle at 22,300 miles above the earth's surface, he said. At that distance, Clarke's calculations showed, it would take exactly 24 hours for the satellite to complete one orbit. "It would remain," he wrote, "fixed in the sky of a whole hemisphere and, un-

it relayed the first live TV picture (a view of the American flag) across the Atlantic to receiving stations in England and France. Telephone talk over Telstar was as clear as if the speakers were only blocks apart.

But Telstar was only an experiment, as were its successors Telstar II and Relay I and II built by Radio Corporation of America for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. On low orbits, they all whirled around the earth faster than the 24-hour period of the earth's rotation; they could be used for communication only during the brief periods when they were within line-of-sight range of their ground stations. Such a system would require many more satellites to be practical.

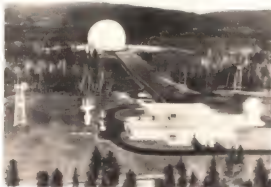
**Desperate Play.** At Hughes Aircraft Co. in California, however, three young engineers, Drs. Harold A. Rosen, Donald D. Williams and Thomas Hudspeth,

keeping them on station above a selected point on the earth's equator. They are continually pushed out of position by irregularities in the earth's gravitation, by the influence of the sun and moon, and even by the infinitesimal pressure of sunlight. They must carry propulsion devices that will always be ready to nudge them back in place again. These obstacles were formidable, but Rosen & Co. were not daunted.

Syncom I, the Hughes-built oldest brother of Early Bird, reached its orbit in 1963, but an exploding tank of high-pressure nitrogen kept it from succeeding electronically. Syncom II and III, used by the Department of Defense, were successful, but their performance has been kept partially secret. Early Bird, the fourth of the series, was built and launched for Comsat, the private company that was created by Congress to set up a commercial communication-



ARTHUR C. CLARKE



RELAY STATION AT ANDOVER, MAINE



WILLIAMS, ROSEN, HUDSPETH

On a science-fiction writer's brilliant 1945 concept, an engineer staked his own \$10,000.

like other heavenly bodies, would neither rise nor set." Nearly 20 years later, Early Bird follows that orbit.

Nothing like a relay satellite was within the reach of the best technology of 1945, but the needed elements were developed as if on cue. Transistors (invented in 1948) and other solid-state electronic devices replaced vacuum tubes, which would have been too bulky, short-lived and power-hungry for use in satellites. High-power rockets were spawned by the U.S.-Soviet race for long-range ballistic missiles. High-speed electronic computers appeared just in time to take over the all-but-impossible task of calculating orbits, solving complex equations in split seconds.

Everything fell into place like matching pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. By the mid-1950s electronics engineers began to realize that relay satellites were not only possible, they might well prove enormously profitable.

First to fit all the new techniques together was Bell Telephone Laboratories, which built Telstar I, and had it launched at its own expense in July 1962. Circling in a comparatively low elliptical orbit, 600 to 3,500 miles above the earth, Telstar was a striking success;

were anxious to shoot for a higher target—nothing less than the 22,300-mile synchronous orbit conceived by Clarke back in 1945. They were sure they could lick its formidable problems, but they could not convince the Hughes management. "One day," says Hughes Vice President Lawrence A. Hyland, "Williams walked into my office and laid a cashier's check for \$10,000—his entire savings—on my desk. 'Here's what I want to contribute to the program,' he said. 'I'm sorry it's all I can do.'" It was enough. Williams' check was returned, but the company decided that his faith was worth investing in. Out of that desperate play grew Early Bird.

Synchronous satellites, such as the Hughes men wanted to build, have much in their favor. Best of all, they seem to hang in one spot in the sky. But they also have two strikes against them before they take to space. They must be kept as light as possible because of the great rocket effort needed to place them on their high orbits, and in spite of their lightness, they must transmit a radio signal strong enough to be heard at that great distance. Perhaps more serious is the problem of

satellite system. In the Syncom family, Early Bird was the big, public success.

Rosen was moved to compose a ditty to the tune of *Bye, Bye, Blackbird*:  
*Pack up all your cares and woes,  
Retire all those old servos.*

*Bye, bye, tracking.*

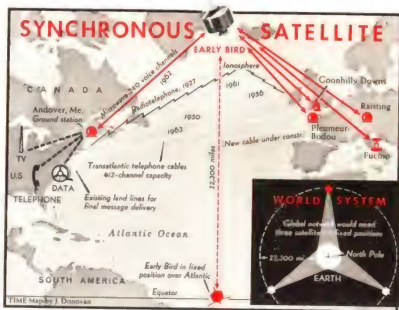
*Get rid of all those rusty gears,  
Early Bird will end your fears.*

*Bye, bye, tracking.*

*So sell your stock in RCA  
And buy some Comsat right away  
Tracking, bye, bye.*

So many investors have apparently taken Rosen's advice about Comsat stock since it first went on the market last June, the price rose from 20 to a high of 66 1/2 this year.

**Left Turns.** Early Bird is a miracle of delicate electronics and advanced spacecraftsmanship. The first problem was how to get it into an equatorial orbit from Cape Kennedy. If the cape were on the equator, Early Bird's rocket would have been asked only to carry it to the desired height and push it up to the proper speed—about 7,000 m.p.h. But the cape is 28° north of the equator, so Early Bird had to make a more complicated maneuver, turning sideways when it reached orbiting height. This left turn



in space was accomplished nimbly, and ever since, Early Bird has kept itself on station by firing delicate burps of steam from its hydrogen-peroxide thrusters.

Early Bird's curved sides are covered with 6,000 solar cells to supply electric power, and the satellite spins like a gyroscope to keep stabilized. One short antenna receives radio signals from the earth. They are fed to a transponder which amplifies them and then transmits them back to earth. Much of the transmitted energy is lost in space, but enough reaches the earth to be picked up by powerful receiving stations in the U.S. and Europe and amplified once more before being transmitted to home receivers.

**Later Birds.** According to Rosen, who makes no secret of his glowing euphoria, Early Bird's remarkable success is only a small beginning. In the works at Hughes are much-improved successors: HS-304 (for Hughes Satellite) 304 and HS-307, both of which will have more communication channels, more solar cells to give more power, and a better nudging system to keep them on station. Instead of using hydrogen peroxide to generate high pressure steam, they will decompose water electrically into hydrogen and oxygen and combine the two gases in delicate explosions to counteract drifting. HS-304 will have 1,200 voice channels instead of Early Bird's 240. HS-307 can have as many as 50,000 channels.

Among triumphant Hughes men, impressive dollar figures are familiar talk these days. HS-304, they say, will cost \$2,500,000, weigh 172 lbs., and can be put on station by a Delta rocket for \$3,900,000. Four HS-304s can be clustered on a single Atlas (\$6,500,000), and put on different stations around the earth. HS-307, weighing 770 lbs., will need an Atlas for each launch. By comparison, say the Hughes economists, the new telephone cable that

A.T. & T. is about to lay between New Jersey and France will have only 128 channels and cost \$56 million.

**Lag & Echo.** Despite such advantages, all communications experts are far from ready to agree that synchronous satellites are about to take over the world's long-distance telephoning and TV. For one thing, the round trip from earth to Early Bird hovering over the Equator is at least 44,600 miles, and radio waves, which move with the speed of light, take three-tenths of a second to go the distance. Smaller delays in landlines add to the lag. This makes no difference for TV and other one-way transmissions, but telephoning, say some critics, may sound disjointed with an extra one-half second between remarks and replies.

What effect this will have on the public can hardly be decided by laboratory tests. President Joseph V. Charyk and members of his board of directors who have already used Early Bird for phone conversations, claim that they cannot detect any time lag. But the lag is there, and it may affect some telephone talkers more than others. Deliberate speakers who listen politely until the other party has put a period on each spoken sentence will have no trouble, but impulsive talkers who constantly interrupt and throw in a word here and there may have difficulty.

Electronic echoes are another problem. They have been all but eliminated over the longest landlines, but at synchronous-satellite distances they may be annoying.\* The public's decision will not be known until masses of ordinary telephone callers get real, unstaged experience with time lag and echoes in their talk.

\* Eerie echoes were noticeable on some of the first Early Bird broadcasts, but technicians traced them to the system that carried the audio portion of some programs over landlines and cables.

**Spaced & Random.** Lower-flying satellites on orbits about 6,000 miles above the earth are still in the running as worldwide communicators, and two formidable teams, A.T. & T., allied with RCA, and Thompson Ramo Wooldridge working with International Telephone & Telegraph Corp., are hard at work on them. Spaced at even intervals around their orbits, twelve such birds will ensure that two or more will always be in line of sight from ground stations spotted around the earth.

Low satellites will need comparatively simple propulsion apparatus to keep them spaced evenly, less rocket effort will be needed to put them in orbit, and more weight will be available for extra voice or TV channels. Randomly spaced satellites with no propulsion can be cheaper still, and devote even more of their weight to working electronics. But more of them will be needed—perhaps 18—to avoid gaps in ground coverage. Because they are closer to the earth, both types will sound louder to ground stations, but expensive steerable antennas will be needed to track them across the sky, and skilled operators will be required to pick them up and switch traffic from one to another.

**Flares & Sunspots.** While the satellite argument goes on, submarine cables are improving fast, and the longlines department of A.T. & T. takes issue with all estimates of comparative cost and capacity. Transistorized cables of the near future, say Bell engineers, will each be capable of carrying one TV channel or 720 telephone conversations. Their life expectancy will be 20 years without repairs, and they will be safe from all the dangers of space. Satellites, on the other hand, cannot be taken in for repairs, and their life expectancy is unknown. It may be expensively short, especially during periods of high solar activity when flares associated with sunspots are bombarding the earth with high-energy particles. Satellite enthusiasts, to be sure, are not intimidated by solar flares. They insist that tougher electronic components can be built to cope with them. Such potential troubles are dismissed, properly perhaps, as mere "engineering difficulties."

Whatever the combination of satellite and cable that is finally developed will have a profound effect on world communication. Enthusiasts like Rosen are already convinced that in a few years large satellites can be put in orbit with enough power to broadcast TV and radio programs directly to individual homes anywhere on earth. No expensive ground-relay stations will be needed on the receiving end. The programs will be picked up by 6-ft. dish antennas that will cost about \$100, if mass-produced. If the satellites are synchronous, as Rosen is sure they will be, the antennas will be motionless, staring fixedly at a single point in the sky.

Rosen's group is proposing a special Educational Television Satellite for NASA. It is designed to carry perfect color or black-and-white TV direct to



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home receivers. "You ain't seen nothing yet," says Rosen. "The benefit to mankind of such a system staggers the imagination. It may well be the major return to humanity of man's venture into space. What we're trying to do is to save the world."

Even less dedicated men than Rosen see a startling communications explosion ahead. A sampling of their predictions for the near future.

► A World Information Center will catalogue and make available the expanding mass of information now threatening to swamp the world's libraries. With easy access to the center by satellite-relayed phone calls from any

► Facsimile transmission not only promises to eliminate the relative slowness of jet-carried airmail, it conjures up visions of home-printed newspapers. With a satellite network to gather information for the editors and the same network to transmit that information to subscribers, an improved version of office copying machines may soon be hooked to home TV sets to make high-quality reproduction of text and pictures on rolls of reusable plastic.

► Educational television will guarantee that all the world's culture will be available to all the world. The receiving dishes pointing at the sky will be able to collect the most sophisticated tech-

tainment that no one will need be confined to programs that are not to his taste. The worldwide audience will be so large that it will be profitable to offer programs that carry nothing but chess, say, or plays in Greek.

**Besieged by Noise.** Some prophets, however, see no near-future utopia brought to reality by Early Bird and its progeny. "I doubt if more food will be grown in India," says RAND Corp. Sociologist Joseph Goldsen, "even if every village gets a television set with lecturers teaching new agricultural techniques every hour. It takes generations to change customs and traditions. Only a few years ago, we used to pipe-dream about a TV-satellite system that was ten to 20 years away. It doesn't seem that far off any more, but what will it be used to transmit? Perhaps Russia and the U.S. will each use its satellites for psychological warfare—which would be nothing more than they are doing now with short-wave broadcasts. One thing I'm sure of, the world will be besieged with more and more noise."

At present the U.S. may be the only nation that has the technical resources to set up an effective world-communications system, but the Russians are not far behind. On April 23 they launched their first attempt, which has apparently gone into a twelve-hour orbit that will keep it over the Soviet land mass for a considerable time during each revolution. Two or three satellites would provide the U.S.S.R. with communications day and night. This may be all that the Russians are planning, but a powerful satellite sending strong, clear radio propaganda mixed with entertainment to the transistor radios that swarm in every country would be a powerful and potentially dangerous influence. The U.S. could set up the same sort of system, of course, and so could other countries.

**Possibilities of Trouble.** Probably several will. There may soon come a time when hostile or pirate satellites will creep close to legitimate ones and try to kidnap their listeners. Jamming of programs may be tried, just as the Soviets now jam Voice of America broadcasts. Another trick that has been suggested is to learn the frequency and code of a satellite's station-keeping system and send it commands that will make it shove itself out of orbit.

Even if such hostilities never materialize, there will be economic struggles to control the satellites, which are the first space ventures with a big money-making potential. As more and more countries get into the act, so many satellites may be sent into orbit that they could overcrowd the airwaves, making communication difficult or impossible.

The possibilities for trouble are very real; they call for space laws that will be obeyed by all nations. The hope is that the benefits bestowed by satellites will be so great that even the most hostile countries will find it to their advantage to cooperate in harnessing the great communications explosion.



GENEVA SURGEONS WATCHING DEBAKEY OPERATE IN HOUSTON  
Everything but the patient may soon be transmitted.

spot on earth and with computers programmed to do their tedious reference hunting for them, researchers will save countless man-hours as they make use of all the recorded knowledge of the human race.

► Medical men in remote regions will be able to keep in constant touch with their colleagues in the most up-to-date cities. Consultation with specialists will be available over color TV. Cardiograms and electroencephalograms are already sent over existing lines for diagnosis; soon everything but the patient himself may be sent to well-equipped centers for analysis and advice.

► Worldwide telephoning will become as commonplace as the dialing of local calls. A phone call from New York to Tokyo may cost no more than a call from New York to Chicago, because to the distant satellite relay station, the difference in earthly distance will be insignificant.

► Data transmission will bring the skills of giant computers to anyone who needs them. The computers themselves will join forces in a vast network, and automation of industry will become an international reality.

nical information for the most backward countries.

**Nothing but Greek.** Whether or not the spread of such scientific largesse will indeed "save the world" is a problem that will not be solved by scientists alone. The sociological implications are immense. Arthur Clarke, for example, who still keeps a fatherly eye on the multimillion-dollar system he proposed in *Wireless World* for a modest fee of \$40 back in 1945, foresees sweeping changes touched off by communication satellites. Cities, he thinks, may disappear. Their principal reason for being is to cluster people close together where they can see and talk with each other. A process that is not always enjoyable. When an executive can instantly reach all his contacts, wherever they may be, by television, he will have little reason for leaving home. One of Clarke's more frightening thoughts is that every man on earth will eventually have his own telephone number and will carry personal apparatus that will permit him to be called, even by people who have no idea where he may be.

Clarke also believes that multiple satellites will offer so many kinds of en-



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# Avis still believes in the American dream.



"Carry Your Bag, Mum!"

Illustration from a Horatio Alger story, circa 1895.

Opportunity is not a thing of the past in this country.

In the last decade alone, the tax rolls listed some 5,000 new millionaires.

It can be done. If you're not afraid of plain hard work.

We suspect this sounds somewhat dated. These days, to suggest that you can succeed in business by trying harder is to run the risk of being called square.

All right. But we're going to be rich squares.

So the Ford you rent from us gets graphite in the door locks, solvent in the windshield washer, air in the spare.

And extra pressure on the polishing rags.

You might say we're trying to go from rags to riches.

# U.S. BUSINESS

## STEEL

### Questions to Debate

No other industry has had such strained relations with Washington as the steel industry. From the violent strikebreaking of the '30s to Harry Truman's short-lived take-over of the entire industry, from Estes Kefauver's investigations of pricing practices to John Kennedy's fiery outburst against the industry's leaders, steel and the Government have often been at odds. Both sides have mellowed a good deal of late, but they are far from becoming kinsin' cousins. Last week the Government issued a report that raised the hackles of the industry and is sure to be a center of debate in the months ahead.

With the threat of a steel strike postponed until at least Sept. 1 by an interim pay increase of 2.6% to workers, Lyndon Johnson took advantage of the lull in bargaining tension to make public the findings of a four-month study made by Otto Eckstein, a former Harvard economics professor who has been a member of the Council of Economic Advisers since last September. The steel industry, said the 64-page council report, can afford to raise wages 3% this year without hoisting its prices. "The prosperity and stability of the whole economy," added the President, require such a noninflationary settlement of steel wages, plus "continued stability of steel prices."

**A Short Delay.** The White House delayed issuing the report until the interim wage settlement had been hammered out, clearly meant it both to keep wages within the Administration's 3.2% productivity guideline and to head off any notion the steel industry might have of raising prices to compensate for higher wages. Neither management nor labor seemed to like the findings. Dave McDonald grumbled because the Government set up productivity as the sole gauge of wage hikes, said that negotiations for both sides had long



ECONOMIST ECKSTEIN  
A study in jawbone pressure.

used about 13 other measures. Roger Blough, chairman of U.S. Steel, voiced his views the day the report came out and before he had seen it. At Big Steel's annual meeting, he called profits "unsatisfactory" and insisted that rising production costs constituted "a threat to steel's competitiveness."

Beyond the effect it is bound to have on negotiations between now and the new Sept. 1 strike deadline, the report raised some broad and fundamental questions about the industry, its health and its relations with Government:

► Is steel gradually becoming a quasi-public utility? Some steelmen contend that the recurrent jawbone pressure to hold the price line effectively regulates their ability to change prices in a free market, actually leaves them worse off than a rate-regulated industry because steel enjoys no monopoly, has no guaranteed rate of return. The White House, naturally, talks softly of its powers over the steel industry, pointing out that

they are, after all, merely persuasive. The persuasion, however, can be extremely effective.

► Is steel really a bellwether industry on which the fate of the U.S. economy depends—and therefore one that requires close government watch? The White House report notes that steel is an important cost ingredient in 20 major industries, bulks three times as large as all metals combined in total industrial production. Steelmen feel that the economy no longer stands or falls on steel's activity, point out that their industry now accounts for only 2% of national output and corporate sales, less than 2% of corporate assets. Aluminum, plastics, glass and cement have made such inroads into steel's markets that steel's weight in the Federal Reserve index of production has fallen one-third, from 7.8% to 5.2%.

► Are steel profits being realistically measured? Steelmen point to their 9.2% return on investment, which places steel 35th in profitability among manufacturing industries (which average a 12.7% return). In its report, the council used a yardstick by which many Wall Street analysts now measure a corporation's health: the cash flow. Cash flow includes not only profits but also untaxed money retained because of depletion allowances and depreciation write-offs, which are paper rather than real costs. By this standard, the steel industry earned a better-than-average 18% on its equity last year. Reason: steel's huge capital investments yield bigger-than-average tax credits.

**Too Busy to Wait.** These questions will long be debated, but the industry is too busy right now to wait for the answers. Steel shipments are headed for a 51 million-ton record in the first half of 1965, and the industry is pouring money into a \$1.9 billion modernization program. The program is centered around Chicago, where seven major steel companies have built new plants or greatly expanded old ones. Though im-



U.S. STEEL'S OXYGEN FURNACE AT DUQUESNE



INLAND STEEL'S NEW HOT STRIP MILL NEAR CHICAGO

*A matter of modernity and means of measurement.*

ports still plague the industry—they were almost double steel exports last year and are heading higher—a couple of ideas from abroad have helped. Five U.S. plants now use continuous casting, a European process that promises sharp reductions in steel costs; ten more are under construction and another 20 are planned. As for basic oxygen furnaces—the Austrian process that has already made steel production faster and cheaper—the U.S. steel industry now has 28, is building or planning 48 more.

## AUTOS

### A Better Way

"I've thought of a better way." Those words of Lord Kelvin, the famous British physicist, are carved in stone above the entrance to the Detroit headquarters of American Motors Corp. American was certain that it had thought of a better way when it led the massive consumer shift to compact, economy cars in the late 1950s. It is less certain today. For the past two years, affluent consumers have been moving up to larger, more luxurious cars, and American's sales and profits have been steadily declining. Last week, after Detroit's Big Three had all reported record earnings in the first quarter of 1965, President Roy Abernethy announced that his company's sales had dropped 8% and its profits 77% below their 1964 levels. American is now looking for a better way.

**New Femme Fatale.** That way, Abernethy is convinced, is to change the company's image. American has set out to strip the Rambler of the stodgy, maiden-aunt, economy image nurtured during George Romney's reign, and to surround it with the sporty accoutrements and glamour that sell autos. Restyled Ramblers have already lost their boxy lines and blossomed forth in hardtops and convertibles, with bucket seats, floor-mounted gearshifts and even a big, 8-cylinder engine that is definitely not economical. The fastback Marlin, introduced last March, is as sporty a car as Detroit manufactures today; it was rushed onto the showroom floors to give the public the message that American can be a swinging outfit.

To telegraph that message, the company's advertising has gradually changed to the brighter side. The ads now identify Ramblers as the "Sensible Spectaculars," and have introduced a number of quite spectacular girls; one ad features a *femme fatale* who exults upon seeing a Marlin: "Rambler, I didn't think you were THAT kind of car." These changes to the warmer side, however, were accompanied by a growing coolness between American and the ad agency that has held the Rambler account for 28 years: Geyer, Morey, Ballard. This fall the \$15 million account will go to Benton & Bowles (1964 billings: \$137 million).

**Liked by Foreigners.** One of the major problems facing Abernethy—whose biggest car, the Ambassador, is actually



AMERICAN MOTORS' NEW AD IMAGE

shorter than many intermediates—has been the decline of the compact market. This trend has cut Rambler sales by 14%, Valiant sales by 29% and Chevy II and Falcon sales each by 39% below their 1964 levels. In an attempt to counteract the slump, American will add luxury features to the 1966 Classic and Ambassador, avoid advertising them as compacts. The 1966 compact American will be given a sporty, sloping rear deck, and emphasized as American's sole compact.

These new features will also be added attractions for foreigners, who seem to like the Rambler. Foreign sales of Ramblers rose to a record 37,580 units during the first six months of the fiscal year. Anxious to tap the other side of that market, Abernethy hopes that the restyled cars will be equally attractive to U.S. customers who have been buying imports, plans to pit the compact American directly against small, imported cars in 1965.

## ADVERTISING

### Regimen & Responsibility

Between 1956 and 1963 overweight Americans spent \$16 million to buy 4,000,000 boxes of pink, green and yellow Regimen tablets, convinced by a massive advertising campaign that the tablets could help them lose as much as 28 pounds in 28 days without dieting. Last week, after a 13-week trial in a Brooklyn courtroom, a federal jury found the producer, Manhattan's Drug Research Corp., its president and its advertising agency guilty of conspiring to defraud the public. The judgment against the ad agency—Kastor, Hilton, Chesley, Clifford & Atherton, Inc.—was the first ever made against an agency for promoting a fraudulent product. The decision could result in fines and imprisonment for Drug Research's president and fines against the ad agency on 41 separate counts.

Kastor, Hilton's ads, the Government had charged, featured a "doc-



1965 MARLIN  
Is it THAT kind of car?

tored" laboratory report that cited false weight losses, used as "before" and "after" examples TV models who had crash-dieted away pounds supposedly pared off by Regimen. The agency ignored Federal Trade Commission complaints that Regimen, which sold at \$3 and \$5 for a box that cost as little as 30¢ to make, was ineffective as a weight reducer without dieting.

Kastor, Hilton protested that the decision "thrusts upon advertising agencies new and costly responsibilities," announced that it would appeal the verdict. Norman B. Norman, president of Norman, Craig & Kummel Inc., spoke for many admen when he said that ad agencies "don't consider our chore to be policemen" over their clients' claims. Norman also said, however, that "there is no defense for this kind of advertising," added that it "is simply not true" that most clients want to deceive the public.

## MANAGEMENT

### Internationalism at the Top

As more and more U.S. companies expand their international operations, they are turning increasingly to men with overseas experience to fill the top executive jobs. Last week Chas. Pfizer & Co., the nation's largest ethical drug company, followed the overseas route to executive leadership. As its new president and chief executive officer, it picked John J. Powers, 52, the chief of its international operations for the past 14 years. Powers takes over as Pfizer's boss from John E. McKeen, 61, who will retain his position as chairman.

McKeen's 16-year term as president will be a tough act to follow. Under his leadership, Pfizer grew from a \$47 million specialized drug firm in 1949 into a highly diversified company whose sales reached \$480 million last year. Powers, however, has already demonstrated his talent in an important supporting role. In 1951, impressed by Pfizer's growing number of unsolicited foreign orders—which accounted for \$10 million annually in sales—he persuaded McKeen to allow him to begin building an overseas operation. "I figured that if we could do \$10 million worth of business without seeking it," says Powers, "why not seek it and make more?" Powers' search has been spectacularly rewarding. Today Pfizer has 58 plants in 30 countries outside the U.S., sells its drugs and products ranging from baby powder to plastics in more than 100 countries.



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May 5, 1965



Pfizer's Powers

And a little bit of Peace Corps.

Foreign sales last year reached \$223 million, nearly half of Pfizer's total.

**Personal Contact.** Powers established each foreign subsidiary as an autonomous operation fully responsive to local needs, largely staffed and run by local workers and executives, and subject only to financial control and general guidance from Pfizer's Manhattan headquarters. As a result, most Pfizer products are ideally suited to the areas in which they are manufactured and have won wide acceptance, especially in developing nations. In Nigeria, Pfizer has two plants and is building a third to make animal feed for the country's expanding agriculture, also produces badly needed pharmaceuticals and molded plastics. "There is a little bit of the Peace Corps in us," says McKeen, "and we get a profit from it too."

As president, Powers hopes to continue Pfizer's rapid diversification "through research, acquisitions and geography," plans to concentrate at first on becoming more familiar with Pfizer's U.S. operations by visiting each of the 25 U.S. plants. "Personal contact is important for any job," says Powers. After his appointment last week, he drove to Pfizer's Brooklyn plant, where he shook the hands of all 2,100 employees.

### Banking the Blue Chips

Though its \$6.3 billion in assets makes it the sixth largest U.S. bank, and its blue-chip list of clients qualifies it as perhaps the most patrician, Manhattan's Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. insists on the homely dictum that its principal wealth is its men. Last week the bank chose a new chairman and chief executive who is gilt-edged enough to decorate both sides of that bill: Thomas S. Gates Jr., 59, a Main Line millionaire's son who left his post as a Philadelphia broker to serve as Under Secretary, then Secretary of the Navy and later as President Eisenhower's last and ablest Secretary of Defense.

Gates, who joined Morgan Guaranty four years ago and has been its \$181,760-a-year president since August

A new poser for Americans concerned about **RELIGIOUS FREEDOM**

# THE TAFT-HARTLEY LAW OVERLOOKS INDIVIDUAL CONSCIENCE

## **The Worker's Conscience**

Traditionally the laws of the United States have recognized and protected the principle that every person has the right to a good conscience before God and man.

Through oversight, the Taft-Hartley Law omits recognition of the right of sincere religious conscience to the worker. American citizens have been discharged from employment because no provision is available for religious conscience in labor legislation.

Changes in the Taft-Hartley Law are currently being considered by Congress. Here is an opportunity for including a CONSCIENCE

CLAUSE in the law. Along with the conscience clause, provision should be made for paying a sum equivalent to union dues to the Secretary of the Treasury to insure sincerity of conscience.

## **Good Conscience Before God**

The Holy Bible governs the consciences of believers on the Lord Jesus Christ. "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." (2 Corinthians 6:14) and "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together." (Deuteronomy 22:10). Refer also to 1 Corinthians 1:9; 1 Corinthians 12:27; and 2 Timothy 2:19.

Therefore, persons so governed cannot with good conscience be-

long to any associations, including trade unions.

## **American Tradition**

The Constitution of the United States guarantees the "Free Exercise" of religion. The Military Training and Service Act and the Naturalization Law have recognized genuine conscience against taking human life, just as recent law provides Social Security exemption on conscientious grounds.

Right now—in 1965, a provision for conscience is an integral part of both Medicare and Education legislation before Congress. WHY NOT IN THE TAFT-HARTLEY LAW?

**WRITE THE PRESIDENT—SENATORS—CONGRESSMEN! URGE THEM TO BRING LABOR LEGISLATION UP TO DATE: ADD A CONSCIENCE CLAUSE TO THE TAFT-HARTLEY LAW. DO IT NOW!**

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And on...



And on...



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**JAPAN AIR LINES**



1962, has been running things for the past four months while illness kept Chairman Henry Clay Alexander (TIME cover, Nov. 2, 1959) away from "The Corner," the bank's famous headquarters at 23 Wall Street. Alexander, 62, Morgan Guaranty's chief since 1959, will step aside June 1 to assume the title of chairman of the executive committee. Says Gates: "My first concern will be to develop the kind of people we need to keep our standing where it is."

**Famed Empire.** Descendant by merger of the famed banking empire of J. P. Morgan, Gates's bank is the world's largest "wholesale" bank, serves 97 of the nation's 100 largest corporations. It caters to a clientele of companies, trusts and pension funds, accepts no savings deposits and runs no "retail" offices with high overhead (it has, in fact, only four U.S. branches). By concentrating on blue-chip business, Mor-



MORGAN GUARANTY'S GATES  
Enough gilt for both edges.

gan Guaranty handles \$1 billion a day in short-term investments, more commercial loans than the next five banks combined, and the largest volume of any bank in U.S. Government bonds. One result: its ratio of net earnings to gross income is the highest of any major New York bank—25.7% last year.

Cut off by its traditional policy (which Gates expects to maintain) from banking's explosive growth in consumer loans, Morgan Guaranty is busy expanding overseas. To its long-established branches in Paris, London and Brussels, it recently added a representative's office in Beirut, next month will open branches in Frankfurt and Antwerp. Through two subsidiaries, it owns a share in banks, investment houses and development companies in 24 foreign nations from Argentina to Taiwan. Washington's recent curbs on bank-lending abroad, Gates admits, "will create a pause in this kind of growth." Morgan Guaranty has already begun promoting a variety of services to fill that gap. Among them: a real estate unit and a group of specialists who are ready to advise corporations about acquisitions and diversification.



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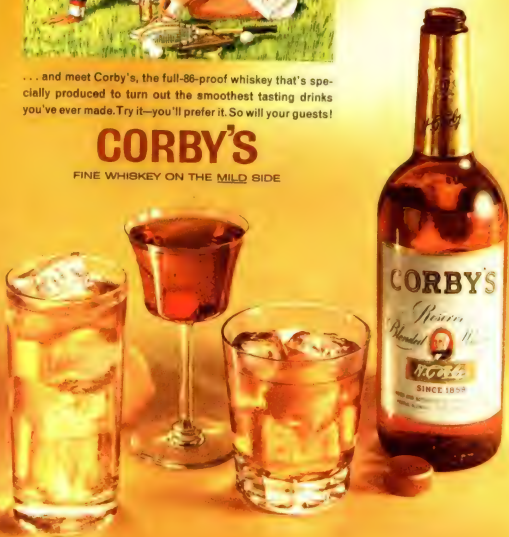
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# WORLD BUSINESS

## MONEY

### The Global Finance Men:

#### Who They Are, How They Work

Even for men well accustomed to continent hopping, international conferences and crucial decision making, the managers of the free world's money last week set something of a record for activity. In Uruguay, in Cannes, in Paris and in Basel, they met over the conference tables to make decisions that could affect the fate of governments, to cast their appraising eyes on the economic eddies of the West and to indulge in important shoptalk that ranged from the performance of the New York stock market to the rising prices of international hotels. Over lunches, at dinner parties and in evening strolls, they continued their business in the atmosphere of camaraderie that marks them as a most exclusive and influential international fraternity.

At Punta del Este's Cantegril Country Club on Uruguay's sunny coast, the central bankers of 19 hemisphere nations gathered to discuss Latin America's economic problems and to weigh President Johnson's program to stem the dollar drain. On the Riviera at Cannes, the Common Market Monetary Committee, including a select group known as the Club of Six (see box), met to pass judgment on the British pound and Europe's growing inflation. In Basel, both the Bank for International Settlements and a subgroup called the Basel Club met behind carefully guarded doors to review Europe's most pressing monetary problems and to try to guess future trouble spots.



FINANCE MINISTERS MEETING AT CANNES  
*They speak, and governments listen.*

The most important meetings, however, took place in Paris, where top monetary men from 21 nations met as Working Party III to make one of the crucial monetary decisions of the decade: whether to advance a \$1.4 billion loan to Britain to enable it to prop up the pound. Britain needed the money to repay the \$750 million that it has already used out of the \$3 billion lent it by central banks last November, when the pound was being attacked—and to provide a cushion that would make unnecessary any further drawing.

Though there were some early doubts about whether the loan would go through smoothly, the money men were encouraged by Britain's new austerity budget, the \$22.4 million gain in gold and hard-currency reserves in April and

the Labor government's announcement last week of tougher credit restrictions. After a two-day meeting of Working Party III, the Dun & Bradstreet of such matters, the loan was unanimously approved. Another group of money men called the Paris Club then sat down to decide what mix of gold and currencies will make up the loan. The loan will be made through the International Monetary Fund, the daddy and inspiration of all the clubs. It thus raises Britain's debt to the IMF's maximum limit of \$2.4 billion, makes the sterling rescue the biggest bailing-out operation in the IMF's 20-year history.

**Cooling Crises.** The Paris meeting highlighted the vast powers of the international money men, whose influence in world affairs has soared in recent years. A thumbs down to Britain's request would very probably have forced a devaluation of the pound, brought down the Labor government and had profound effects on the West's entire monetary system. When the money men speak, governments listen carefully. They practically forced the Wilson government to take restrictive measures, pressured the U.S. Government into steps to correct its chronic balance-of-payments deficit and helped cool the sterling crises of 1961 and 1964.

The money men are the guardians of the non-Communist world's intricate system of monetary cooperation, created at the Bretton Woods Conference in 1944 and carefully cultivated and expanded ever since. Mostly from Europe and the U.S., they manage the flow of money, pass on the credit of nations, come to the aid of failing currencies

## FIVE CLUBS FOR MONEYMEN

*The money managers of the non-Communist world meet regularly through a network of five important clublike organizations. The organizations:*

- ▶ **The International Monetary Fund** is a specialized agency of the United Nations that has 102 member countries, acts as a sort of central bank of the national central banks. The IMF oversees the world's supply and flow of gold and currencies, recommends ways to promote financial stability and serves as a meeting ground for both the prosperous and the developing nations. Armed with \$16 billion in gold and currency pledged by its members, the IMF stands ready to grant loans to nations in financial crisis, be it from inflation or balance-of-payments deficits. Its meetings: once a year.
- ▶ **The Paris Club**—also known as the Group of Ten—is a blue-ribbon panel of finance ministers and governors of central banks from the IMF's ten leading industrial powers: Belgium, Britain, Canada, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, The Netherlands, Sweden and the U.S. The Ten quietly take on study assignments for the IMF (current study, proposals for a new type of international reserve currency) and, when necessary, supplement IMF loans with their own hard currencies. In the latter case, they contribute quotas under an agreement called the General Arrangements to Borrow, which is known as GAB. Meetings: whenever necessary, usually several times a year.
- ▶ **The Basel Club** is a gathering of the central-bank gov-

ernors from the same ten nations, plus Austria and Switzerland. The club grew out of the regular meetings in Basel of the semi-governmental Bank for International Settlements (BIS), which arranges short-term credits for central banks. The central bankers make a three-day weekend of it, gathering two days ahead of the BIS meeting for a round of closed-door talks to inform and advise each other on monetary problems and plans. IMF Managing Director Pierre-Paul Schweitzer calls the exclusive group the "best club in the world." Meetings: once a month in Basel.

▶ **Working Party III** is a special and highly influential subcommittee of the 21-nation Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD), an offspring of Western Europe's Marshall Plan cooperation. It is composed of both government officials and central bankers from Europe and the U.S. The subcommittee passes on the credit-worthiness of governments and, in cooperation with the BIS, runs a continual "surveillance" of the international monetary system. Its great power comes from the fact that its decisions are usually accepted by the money-lending nations. Meetings: once every six weeks in Paris.

▶ **The Club of Six** is a committee of central bankers from the nations belonging to the European Common Market. The Six usually huddles after Basel Club meetings to mesh Common Market banking policies, also joins quarterly with Common Market finance ministers to meet as the Monetary Committee of the Common Market.

and discipline payments debtors. Their work, which is usually marked by anonymity and almost always performed out of public view, has made possible the great surge of the West's economies since World War II.

**Misty World.** The world of the international moneyman is a misty one: filled with special terminology and nuances and frequently devoted to esoteric concerns. It is peopled by able and articulate men who call each other by their first names, nip off to Paris, Basel or London as a matter of routine and keep in constant touch by telephone, cable and personal visits. On a recent visit to Britain, William McChesney Martin Jr., chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, spent three hours tramping through the fields with Lord Cromer, the governor of the Bank of England, at his country home in Kent. "It makes a big difference," says Martin, "if you feel that you can call on a colleague in another country to get some advice."

A screen of great secrecy once sep-

arated the moneyman of each nation from those of others, but it has given way to growing cooperation. Each central bank now maintains a large foreign department to keep in touch with other banks. Last December the Paris Club set up a uniform system of confidential statistics about each country and made its findings available to all participating central banks. Today it is not uncommon for one government to give another government a few hours' notice of a change in the bank discount rate, a practice unheard of only a few years ago. At their international meetings, monetary men dispense with the diplomatic trimmings, close the doors to the public and speak with such remarkable frankness and bluntness.

**A Profession & an Art.** The moneyman bears many titles, but basically they fall into three major groups. Enjoying fairly independent positions in their governments, the central bankers—those who run national banking systems—feel the freest to criticize and sound alarms. The U.S.'s Martin, for example, keeps reminding Washington that the U.S. is dangerously close to inflation, and Lord Cromer has publicly lectured the Labor government. The finance ministers, on the other hand, are political appointees who are less likely to pick a fight with their governments, but their greater awareness of political re-

alities can be invaluable in international negotiations. The solid core of the moneymen—and the real heroes—are the senior advisers who have worked their way up through the monetary system, know its machinery intimately and run it with great precision.

Because of the vast wealth and international obligations of the U.S., American officials hold a certain primacy of honor among the world's moneymen. This was undeniably the case when Douglas Dillon, as Treasury Secretary and Robert V. Roosa as his Under Secretary for Monetary Affairs were regulars at the monetary meetings. Because it will take time for their successors, Joe Fowler and Fred Deming (a new face at last week's Paris meetings), to build up comparable reputations, the Federal Reserve's Martin has become even more influential in monetary matters. Said Martin in Uruguay last week: "Some people in Washington attack me and say I'm more powerful than the President. The answer I give

50, who heads both Working Party III and the Common Market Monetary Committee. Says Van Lennep, a *pink-beer* whose title of nobility dates from the early 19th century: "With Working Party III, a new dimension has been added to international monetary discussions. Now we discuss the problems of countries with surpluses as well as those with deficits."

Besides the Earl of Cromer, whose voice is powerful at home, Britain has two expert moneymen in Sir Denis Rickett, 57, the tall, urbane Second Secretary of the Treasury, and Maurice Parsons, 54, executive director of the Bank of England, who regularly attends the Paris Club meetings. France's self-appointed chief moneyman is, of course, none other than Charles de Gaulle, whose strong views and pronouncements have overshadowed Bank of France Governor Jacques Brunet, 54, and to some extent Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, 39, the bright and ambitious Finance Minister. France can also claim



IMF'S SCHWEITZER



U.S.'S DEMING



ITALY'S CARLI



THE NETHERLANDS' HOLTROP



GERMANY'S EMMINGER

*A fraternity of personal ties, pressing problems and global influence.*

them is that sometimes I only wish it were true." To Martin, who has been the Federal Reserve's chairman for 14 years, central banking is both "a profession and an art."

**Overshadowed by the Boss.** One of the most highly respected of the world's moneymen is Guido Carli, 51, the vigorous, brilliant governor of the Bank of Italy, whose tough austerity measures cooled the nation's inflation last year but won him no popularity contests. "The first quality of a central banker," says Carli, "is to be cold-blooded. The bank governor must be a little independent of the currents and undercurrents of public opinion, to express problems in less emotional terms." Another moneyman widely admired among his colleagues is West Germany's Otnar Emminger, 54, who works as a director under Bundesbank President Karl Blessing. Emminger, who managed to attend five meetings last week, helped organize Working Party III, is a thoroughgoing internationalist who believes strongly in monetary cooperation because "we are all in the same boat."

The Netherlands has two especially outstanding monetary experts: Netherlands Bank President Marius Holtrop, 62, a first-rate banker of conservative leanings who is now president of the Bank for International Settlements, and Treasurer General Emile van Lennep,

the most prestigious post in international monetary affairs: the managing directorship of the IMF. The post is held by Pierre-Paul Schweitzer, 52, the patrician-born, self-effacing former French civil servant who helped nurse the franc to its post-1958 stability.

**Strong Loyalty.** Despite their widely varying personalities and the differences in government policies, the men who manage the world's money have in common a strong loyalty to the system and a determination to keep it running. Virtually none of them agree with Charles de Gaulle's call for a return to the gold standard or want a rise in the price of gold. Despite De Gaulle, even the French have been remarkably consistent in going along with the spirit of international monetary cooperation. Some moneymen feared before last week's meetings that this time might prove an exception, but the French readily agreed to the new aid for Britain. For all this loyalty, however, none of the international monetary men want to stand pat with the system as it is. Practically all of them concede the need for continued improvement—and some of them have made specific proposals for reform (TIME, April 16). They realize, after all, that the history of man's monetary dealings, from the tortoise shell to the Eurodollar, prove that only change can assure continued vitality.



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## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Jack Nicklaus, 25, golfing great, last year's leading P.G.A. money winner (\$113,284) and this year's Masters champ, and Barbara Jean Bash Nicklaus, 25; their third child, first daughter; in Columbus.

**Died.** Edgar Austin Mittelholzer, 53, English author of 22 novels, many of them (*Children of Kaywana*, *The Harrowing of Hubertus*, *Kaywana Blood*) set in his native British Guiana and peopled by members of the violent, lust-crazed Van Groeneweg family; by his own hand (he soaked his clothing in gasoline, then set himself aflame); in Farnham, Surrey.

**Died.** Eileen Keliher Jeffers Yager, 61, shy, retiring adopted daughter of William M. Jeffers, onetime president (1937-1946) and prime mover of the Union Pacific Railroad, chief beneficiary of his relatively modest (about \$500,000) estate on his death in 1953; three days after she was wed (for the first time) to Los Angeles County Superior Court Judge Thomas C. Yager, 47, apparently of drowning after she fell overboard from their chartered 36-ft. honeymoon yacht *Carefree*, in the channel between Catalina Island and the California coast, while her husband was below decks.

**Died.** Norman Ernest Brokenshire, 66, one of the best-known U.S. radio voices in the 1920s and early '30s, who started at New York's WJZ as a news commentator ("How do you do, ladies and gentlemen, how do you do?"), went on to become a \$1,300-a-week announcer for network variety shows (the *Chesterfield Hour*, *Major Bowes' Amateur Hour*) until 1934, when heavy drinking cost him his job, after which he joined Alcoholics Anonymous, made a brief comeback in network radio, then went into semiretirement as a part-time announcer for local stations near his home; of a stroke; in Hauppauge, N.Y.

**Died.** Edward Bremer, 67, St. Paul banker and brewer who was kidnapped by the notorious Barker-Karpis gang in 1934, gained freedom 22 days later on payment of a \$200,000 ransom, but had seen and heard enough despite attempts to keep him blindfolded to help the FBI track down his 15 abductors, who either died in gun battles (Ma Barker, her son Fred) or went to prison; of a heart attack; in Pompano Beach, Fla.

**Died.** Julia Ghilione Skouras, 67, widow of Movie Theater-Chain Executive George P. Skouras (over 200 United Artists houses in 50 cities), herself the tireless, unpaid international chairman of Boys Towns of Italy, who regularly toiled 14 hours a day organizing committees and arranging benefits to support the ten towns and 31 nurse-

ies which now shelter 6,700 Italian orphans; of amyotrophic lateral sclerosis; in Manhattan.

**Died.** Lord Mowbray, 69, England's Premier Baron (this title, the country's oldest, dates back to 1283), who in 1962 invoked the rarely exercised peer's immunity to prevent his estranged wife from having him jailed for refusing to return her family heirlooms (a silver matchbox, two trays, two bowls, three swords and a wig); after a long illness; in Harrogate, Yorkshire.

**Died.** Oren Ethelbert Long, 76, one of Hawaii's first two U.S. Senators, serving from 1959 to 1962, a mild-mannered liberal Democrat and vigorous champion of statehood who went to the islands from Kansas as a social worker in 1917, later served as school superintendent (1934-46) and as the Truman-appointed Governor (1951-53) before winning election to the Senate at age of 70, stepping aside at the end of his term to make way for Danny Inouye; of a heart attack; in Honolulu.

**Died.** Howard Spring, 76, prolific British author of bestselling Dickensian family pageants (*My Son! My Son!*, *Fame Is the Spur*), who followed 25 years of newspaper reporting with a short stint as literary critic for the *London Evening Standard*, so loathed the books he reviewed that in 1932, at the age of 43, he turned to fiction, producing 14 novels, three plays, assorted children's stories and autobiographies; of a stroke; in Falmouth, Cornwall.

**Died.** Joe Metzger, 81, Swiss-born businessman who in 1942 launched the yogurt fad in the U.S., as founder of Dannon Milk Products, Inc., conquering early resistance by spiking the sour-tasting health food with fruit flavors, thus building Dannon into the nation's largest processor of the Levantine delight; after a long illness; in Manhattan.

**Died.** Charles Sheeler, 81, spy, spindly U.S. painter whose crystalline visions of locomotive-driving wheels, industrial machines, smokestacks and the hollowing forces that shape a yacht's sails at sea created the 1920s style called precisionism; of a stroke; in Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. "Light is the great designer," Sheeler, a Pennsylvania Shaker, once said, believing that precisely reproduced reality "might have an underlying abstract structure." His depiction of a nation in search of speed and power led a critic to write that "if the Dynamal has become the 20th century Virgin, then Sheeler is its *Fra Angelico*."

**Death Confirmed.** General Humberto Delgado, 58, flamboyant Portuguese rebel leader; in Villanueva del Fresno, Spain (see THE WORLD).



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## CINEMA

### The Making of a Heel

**Il Successo.** At 38, Giulio considers himself a flop. He is a college graduate, a good-looking loser employed by a real estate firm in a job he describes as "unemployment on the executive level." A comfortable apartment, a beautiful working wife (Anouk Aimée) and a faithful friend (Jean-Louis Trintignant) cannot change his status as one of the lesser people at Rome's better parties. Other men drive up in Maseratis and Jaguars; Giulio (Vittorio Gassman) arrives in a Fiat so humble that he won't admit it is his, even after hearing that it has been dented in a collision outside. Other men talk of owning paintings, islands, mountains; Giulio's jeremiad is



GASSMAN & PLAYGIRL IN "IL SUCCESSO"  
A fast upward wriggle to misery.

compressed in the plaintive cry: "I'll never have a boat."

Thus Director Mauro Morassi pries the lid off Italy's affluent society and pulls out one wriggling, upwardly mobile nobody who yearns for the sweet life at any cost. Money gives a man courage, Giulio decides, but he can ill afford courage until he starts skimping on ethics. When his firm buys land for a housing development in Sardinia, Giulio secretly snaps up an adjacent property, signing a postdated check that commits him to a venture in fast-lira speculation.

To raise money, Giulio persuades his father to sell the farm where the old man had hoped to die, moves him and his chickens to languish in the city in a cramped spare room. Still short of capital, he makes a hilarious botch of peddling himself as playmate for a prune-faced contessa. Finally, he tries to retain the stance of a jealous husband while sending his wife off to beg a loan from an old admirer.

The fun is fierce but loses much of its bite toward the end when Director Morassi begins to moralize, using cinematic italics merely to emphasize that a poor honest slob is better off than a well-fixed heel. By the time Giulio has learned how to succeed, he is jobless, friendless, wifeless and miserably rich. It is left to Gassman to give the film lightness and laceration. He is the com-

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pleat climber, abristle with tight-smiling assurance and an air of faintly desperate camaraderie that makes *Il Successo*'s trumped-up sociology seem like the whole truth.

### Boy Meets Bogeyman

The Fool Killer is a "big tall feller" who carries a chopper for chopping fools. His work is cut out for him in this somewhat foolish mystery thriller based on a novel by Helen Eustis.

Set in the period after the Civil War, the plot tells of a twelve-year-old runaway (Edward Albert, son of Eddie) who recalls the nightmarish myth of the Fool Killer when he falls in with a former soldier (Tony Perkins) suffering from amnesia and other psychic ills. After the ax murder of a revivalist preacher, Perkins disappears, but returns unexpectedly once the boy has settled down with a childless couple (Dana Elcar, Salome Jens). The inevitable night of terror holds few surprises, though it does set pulses pounding on behalf of Actress Jens, who gives a dull role simple warmth.

Fool Killer falters most when Director Servando Gonzalez strives too restlessly for effects—bird's-eye views, fish-eye views, and pool reflections. Young Albert is made a paper-thin storehook hero while Perkins, with no Hitchcock to guide him, mopes through his small starring role with an air of boyish menace that might easily be mistaken for sulking. Both actors seem to have been set adrift in a poetic but implausible neverland where Tom Sawyer tangles tales with *Psycho*.

### Age Will With'er

**Masquerade.** "I miss the war," groans British Agent Jack Hawkins. "I can't spot the bad guys any more." *Masquerade*, following the current movie and TV vogue for mixing suspense with comedy, only heightens Hawkins' dilemma: the good guys and bad guys all play like clowns. The trend becomes alarmingly literal when Hero Cliff Robertson is set upon by foes (or are they friends?) midway through a Spanish circus. Robertson is dunked in water, hit with a cream pie, tossed into a fall-apart car and carried away in a cage.

When not overworking for laughs, Robertson underplays for keeps as a Yank soldier of fortune hired by Hawkins to guard a kidnapped Middle Eastern prince. The downy potentate must survive until his 14th birthday, when he will come of age and renew Britain's oil concessions. Double, triple and quadruple crosses keep the lad shuffling from beach house to crumbling castle to other photogenic spots along Spain's Mediterranean coast. Pursuing him, Robertson encounters such perils as a loose-living hareback rider (Marisa Mell) and a white-crested vulture. He rides inside a tank-truck ashosh with *in ordinaire*, ends his Cliff-hanging with stunts on a fallen footbridge.

Easy to sit through, *Masquerade* is

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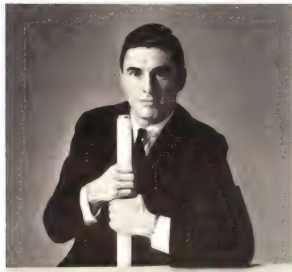
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HAWKINS & ROBERTSON IN "MASQUERADE"  
A slow bath in vin ordinaire.

even easier to see through: it is meticulously rigged to resemble a James Bond epic. But where timing is all for 007, *Masquerade* lets an outrageous escape occur an instant too soon or too late to be really funny. When a preposterous situation requires a saving touch of wit, the witticisms are too often stillborn. Hawkins, who abhors violence, resists one invitation to fistfuffs with the mumbled aside: "We're both too old for this sort of thing." It may be nearer the truth that this sort of thing is beginning to show its age.

### Hung Up

Synanon, a word derived from a junkie's mispronunciation of seminar, is the name given to a self-help haven for drug addicts, founded seven years ago in California and now offering shelter and hope to 550 ex-addicts on both coasts. Filmed at Synanon House in Santa Monica, this tawdry little melodrama explains the method only sketchily, but exploits it at length.

Producer-Director Richard Quine and his scenarists shape the story as an obtuse triangle inclined toward a pert reformed prostitute (Stella Stevens), just the sort of girl to make two able-bodied ex-convicts (Chuck Connors and Alex Cord) change their habits. The dialogue is more square than daring.

"I want to go to bed with you," says Cord.

"I'm saying yes, but I'm not doing yes," Stella replies none too firmly. After a night together in a life-guard's shack on the beach, her doubts are even stronger: "We're getting away with something in the bushes. It's just like using dope, only we used each other."

The romance is obviously doomed, despite group therapy and a volley of platitudes spouted by Eartha Kitt, Richard Conte and Edmond O'Brien, who with marginal success impersonate three real-life directors of Synanon House. Most of the time they appear to be running out-of-town auditions for Actors Studio. The movie's vacuous approach to a heartbreakingly grim subject is underscored by the presence in the film of bona fide former addicts, asked to do nothing whatever that might keep a misguided movie from going to pot.

## If you've been flying west how come you wound up in England?

It only looks like London.  
Actually, it's Victoria,  
on the coast of  
British Columbia. Part of  
the B.C. coast looks like  
Italy. Further north, like  
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T-6

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SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR  
Age without judgment.

## Bonjour, Tristesse

FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCE by Simone de Beauvoir. 658 pages. Putnam. \$10.

The lips are curved into an obliging, fixed half-smile. The grey hair is coiffured with mathematical precision, cleft exactly by the part. At the neck, not entirely masked by the photographer's shadows, a few age lines can be discerned. The dress is severe, revealing nothing, so dark that it blends into the background, relieved by a link necklace from which depend castings of the Greek letter epsilon. The whole suggests someone's amiable grandmother, intelligent, well preserved, still vigorous and minutely intent on keeping up appearances.

A Certain Pleasure. The portrait adorns the wrapper of this book, which is the third and presumably final installment in the memoirs of the most relentlessly intellectual and ungrand-motherish woman in France. Simone de Beauvoir has no husband and no children; by design, she has denied herself the rewards, or the burdens, of maternity. The smile is unreal, put on, perhaps, for the photographer; she cannot accept or endure the fact that she is now 57. Her mortality has obsessed her for a generation. "Since 1944, the most important, the most irreparable thing that has happened to me is that I have grown old. How is it that time, which has no form or substance, can crush me with so huge a weight that I can no longer breathe?"

Sadly enough, not only youth has abandoned Simone de Beauvoir. So has judgment. That brilliant, recalcitrant mind, trained at the Sorbonne and annealed during the French Resistance, cannot accept the shape of the postwar world. When Dienbienphu falls,

she exults, although the fallen are Frenchmen. The U.S. is decadent and bent on war, Russia is interested only in world peace, and fills the sky with Sputniks in proof of its military superiority, which will keep the peace. Pope Pius XII dies, and Mlle. de Beauvoir, who renounced God at 15, accepts the news "with a certain amount of pleasure."

A Discontented Estate. In justice, this book must be measured against the life that led up to it. Born to stifling bourgeois respectability, Mlle. de Beauvoir fled to the Sorbonne, where only one of her classmates stood higher in the examinations, and she determined to cast her lot with him. "It was the first time in my life," she said of Jean-Paul Sartre, "that I had felt intellectually inferior to anyone else."

In the shadow of Sartre's celebrity, Mlle. de Beauvoir found a derivative celebrity of her own. She was the Mother Hubbard of existentialism, a clock in a refrigerator, a cerebral Joan of Arc—to cite some of the appellations, largely invidious, that were flung at her during her prime. Periodically, she issued books, all of them painstakingly analytical and exhaustively long. *The Second Sex*, a dizzy blend of pedagogy, logic, emotion, prejudice and just plain talk about woman's discontented estate, became a classic. *The Mandarins*, her roman à clef of life with Sartre, Camus and their intellectual confraternity, was a bestseller on both sides of the ocean despite mixed reviews; one New York critic charged that "nothing in the book but the names of the characters appears to derive from her imagination."

A Fictional Guise. Her present book is a sort of *envoy* to an intellectual life that, for the memoirist, began to wane 20 years ago. *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter*, the first installment, delivered a telling and readable blow at the suffocating French middle-class life from which she escaped. *Prime of Life* detailed the years during which she and Sartre still burned with youth, and with the hope that the leftist causes they believed in would ultimately triumph. The postwar period extinguished both youth and hope. Her affair with U.S. Novelist Nelson Algren, reported in fictional guise in *The Mandarins* and retold here in greater detail, ends in misery. Another, with a young French writer, 17 years her junior, merely serves to remind her of "the horrors of old age."

The cumulative effect on the persevering reader—and the book demands nothing if not perseverance—is one of sadness. Simone de Beauvoir attained

\* For Author Algren, the affair ended in something akin to exasperation. In a review of *Force of Circumstance* that is printed in the current issue of *Harper's Magazine*, he mournfully wonders: "Will she ever quit talking?"

## BOOKS

everything that she ever aspired to as a girl: celebrity as a writer, the full exercise of her rebel spirit. Nevertheless, at 57, she finds herself "hostile to the society to which I belonged, banished by my age from the future, stripped fiber by fiber from my past."

"If it had at least enriched the earth," she writes, summing up her life. "If it had given birth to . . . what? A hill? A rocket? The promises have all been kept. And yet, turning an incredulous gaze toward that young and credulous girl, I realize with stupor how much I was gypped."

## The War for Homestead

LOCKOUT by Leon Wolff. 297 pages. Harper & Row. \$5.95.

On a hot July morning in 1892, a tug chugged up the Monongahela, towing two barges with a deadly cargo: 300 pistols, 250 Winchester rifles and a hired army of 316 Pinkerton men. Where Andrew Carnegie's Homestead mill sprawled along the south bank of the river, the barges beached. That was enemy territory, defended by a cannon, spiked clubs, small arms, and a force of strikers 10,000 strong. Hostilities began at once. One fusillade from the barges dropped 30 defenders, but not one Pinkerton got ashore. Homestead's striking mill hands had won the opening skirmish of a labor war that killed 35 and injured 400.

No Interest in Justice. Author Wolff's balanced but pedestrian account ranks the Homestead strike as one of the most disgraceful chapters in the history of U.S. labor-management relations. Neither side produced a real hero, but both sides produced plenty of villains. The strikers turned ugly, on one occasion beat seven injured Pinkerton men to death. Andrew Carnegie, a public friend and private enemy of union labor, scut-



MILL HANDS REPULSING PINKERTONS  
Villains without heroes.



Left to right: Harry W. Lindhorst, P. A. Mack, Jr., Arthur G. Ossop, Richard E. Ramsey, John S. Smith, Wallace G. Wassenborn

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ted off to Europe before the strike began. Henry Clay Frick, his partner, was left to do all the dirty work—and he did it willingly. Frick's strategy was to break the strongest union in Sam Gompers' infant American Federation of Labor. He succeeded. Not until 1935, with the formation of the C.I.O., did the nation's steelworkers effectively organize again.

Justice, at least, seemed to be on the strikers' side. Although well paid by the standards of the time—a skilled hand could earn as much as \$70 a week, the equivalent of \$280 today—steelworkers more than earned their wages. Working conditions were appalling: twelve-hour shifts, seven-day weeks, temperatures of 150°, no time out for meals, no washing-up facilities, no compensation for injuries. The year before the strike, 300 men were killed and some 2,000 injured on the job in the mills around Pittsburgh alone.

Frick showed no interest in justice or the strikers' proposals. He simply put in a call to the Pinkerton Agency, already notorious for its ability to muster indefinite numbers of strikebreaking mercenaries who were delighted to do battle for \$5 a day. Frick swore to hold fast, "if it takes all summer and all winter, and all next summer and the next winter. I will never recognize the union, never, never!"

**Up by the Thumbs.** The town of Homestead settled into a state of siege regularly interrupted by violence. An anarchist from New York, Alexander Berkman, inflamed by newspaper accounts of the strike, came to Homestead determined to assassinate Frick; one day he managed to pump two shots into the mighty magnate, but Frick survived. Eight thousand Pennsylvania National Guardsmen bivouacked in the town under a general who was sympathetic to management; for expressing an anti-Frick sentiment, one soldier was strung up by the thumbs. When Frick imported scab labor under armed guard, the strikers poisoned their food; at least three died.

By September, Frick had the smokestacks pluming again, and by November the ringleaders of the strike themselves gave up. They did not get their jobs back—Frick had them blacklisted from the industry forever. Wages were cut by half, and a man took what he was given; the company would not even explain how it had computed the sum in his pay packet. Despite the strike, Homestead registered a net 1892 profit of \$4,000,000, only slightly below that of 1891.

**Distributing a Fortune.** Carnegie returned from Europe, fell out with Frick, and began giving away his fortune, a small part of which financed the construction of 2,505 Carnegie libraries. "How much did you say I had given away?" he asked his secretary one day toward the end of his life. When told the figure—\$324,657,399—Carnegie expressed mild astonishment: "Good heavens, where did I get all that money?"

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## The Incoherent Man

THE SELVES OF QUINTE by Marcel Moreau. 248 pages. Braziller. \$5

Scene: the bedroom of the Definitive Woman, who lies stretched on the bed, long and loose. At her side is Quinte, the Incoherent Man. Quinte has been through hell, poor fellow. His marriage is a shell. He has been fired from his job and rejected by the Club. Now, to his dismay, Quinte discovers that the Definitive Woman is not a virgin, after all. "Perhaps," he says, fondling her frantically, "there are other ways to art?"

The trouble with this hallucinatory first novel is that Author Moreau is



MOREAU

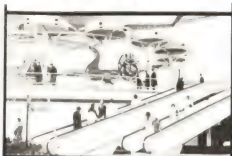
Sartre was smartie.

trying to be like Sartre, only smartie. His intense existentialism is closer to dementia, and the result is a raging stream of semiconsciousness in which real and imagined horrors swim by, indistinguishable and unreal. "You go through streets but you do not see the streets, you go through people but you do not see the people," muses Quinte, who doesn't.

Quinte's head is "a tiny gymnasium swarming with all kinds of athletes in the process of exercising variously"—but afraid to compete. He despises uniformity but craves membership in the Club. He rebels against mediocrity but tells himself he is "too mediocre to think of beauty." His blood boils with desire, "very strong desire that knocks about everything, zigzagging, starved, steeped in pride and filth," but he follows his impulses only in dreams. In the end, says Quinte, "one finds oneself with all those others, those terrible others, who resemble each other and whom I resemble, and who also resemble infinite tatters."

Moreau has a Belgian's gift for morose images ("the silence massed there

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like a dump of faded echoes") and the surreal ("He swam across stones, he crossed chromogeneous skies, fields paved with spines, the breath of cowards"). When his book was published in France last year, *Paris* two top literary monthlies hailed him as "one of the great writers of our time." But *Selves* is too agonized and too labored. Intended as a critique of the inner man, it comes out as a shriek.

### Spies & Eyes

The two prevailing trends in espionage-crime literature today go in opposite directions. One heads toward the pure escapism of Fleming flimflam, the other never comes in from the cold of procedural realism. The current best of the two worlds:

**THE FRENCH DOLL** by Vincent McConnor. 250 pages. Hill & Wang, \$3.95. In this one the agent works for the U.S.'s Central Intelligence Agency. He starts off impersonating an American pilot who has been dead some 20 years but who sold an important flight chart to the Nazis in the last days of World War II. Bullets and bodies start falling around him the minute he assumes the disguise. This book is in the older tradition of shoot first and don't ask questions afterward because what is one life anyhow. But it also provides a kind of Paris-by-night tour—through the sewers, over the roofs, and into transvestite dens. For some Parisian reason, all the bad guy's spies are chestnut vendors. Another nice Gallic touch: as the heroine is about to be chained to the wall and whipped by a neo-Nazi sadist, she takes time out to lament that she missed her lunch.

**THE INTERROGATORS** by Allan Prior. 319 pages. Simon & Schuster, \$5.50. Although this is basically a procedural, step-by-step police-hunt story of the usual British high caliber, the author tried to give it a literary quality with a lot of red brick class feeling and the private problems of a pair of tipting Midlands detectives. The result is a pretty good novel, but not for those who like their detection without social conscience.

**MIDNIGHT PLUS ONE** by Gavin Lyall. 249 pages. Scribner, \$4.50. Lewis Cane, hero of this adventure yarn, is a former British agent who ran guns for the French Resistance during World War II. After 15 years of private-eyeing, he finds himself back on the Continent conveying a fugitive millionaire industrialist from Brittany to Liechtenstein. In the course of dodging everyone from police to the hired killers who are after the industrialist, Cane retraces his old Resistance route through the Auvergne, encountering wartime friends and enemies and fighting several pitched battles along the way. British Author Lyall, one of the better new Bondmen, fills his book with fine local color and crafty foreign agency. But

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he also supplies the necessary ingredient of the newer brand of spy stories: brooding about the morality of shooting down one's enemies in peacetime and the terrible problems of being top gun.

**CUNNING AS A FOX** by Kyle Hunt 209 pages. Macmillan \$3.95. British Crimewriter John Creasey is a one-man Book-of-the-Month Club. Since 1931, under his own name and a dozen pseudonyms of wonderful ordinariness,\* he has managed to write nearly 500 books. To his long list of heroes—Gideon of the Yard, The Tolf, Handsome West—Creasey here adds his first new one in ten years. He is Dr. Emmanuel ("Manny") Cellini, psychiatrist first, detective second, who in this adventure is rung in to help not the hobbies but the criminal's neurotic parents. For them and for the reader, Cellini has an almost revolutionary message: some people are not spoiled by their environment or their families—they are just plain no good.

\* Gordon Ashe, Norman Deane, Robert Cain Frazet, Michael Halliday, Kyle Hunt, Peter Manton, J. J. Marric, Richard Martin, Anthony Morton, Ken Ranger, William K. Reilly, Tex Riley and Jeremy York.



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*The new crooks are plain bad.*



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